Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 8, 1962 / 25¢

"Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer," by Rembrandt.
Should New York have outbid Cleveland for this painting? (See page 30D)

ART IN AMERICA, 1962

A Balance Sheet — Kuh

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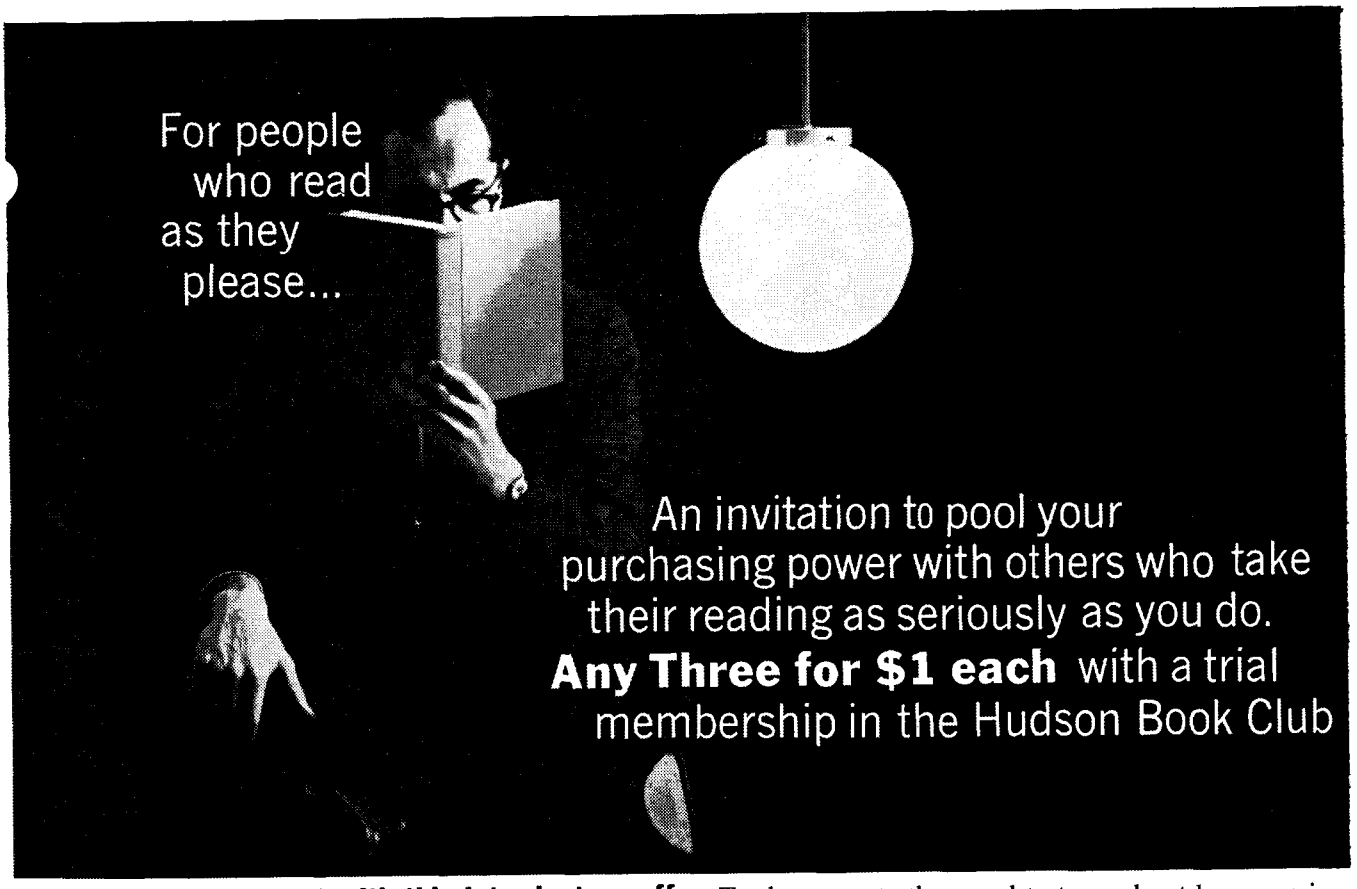
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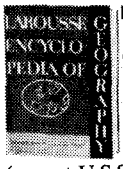

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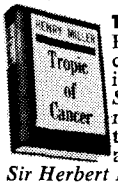

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There is a school of thought—and I'm a candidate for Principal—which holds that a good, solid, resounding whack administered squarely to the seat of a child on occasion produces gratification in both whacker and whacked. Many children look up in absolute relief when their conduct finally provokes the old, instant cure to internal aggression.

A spanking new book just out, written by a brave man named Peter Wyden, bears a title as straightforward as a slap: *Suburbia's Coddled Kids.* In it, Wyden, a father now in hiding, I hope, spells out the results of a horrifying investigation. He has checked into certain tendencies in his own family life to see whether they are at all common—only to find that they are widespread.

The book is full of explosive examples of kids whose mothers drive to school to pick them up whenever "two clouds get together;" of teen age larceny for kicks; of the competition among girls for possession of the most cashmere sweaters and among boys for new "threads" ($25 shoes). Wyden reports on how pediatricians and school principals are asked to take over for fathers. He says that there is little effort to get kids to work hard anywhere except in school. Then the pushing is overdone.

I have no idea of whether Mr. Wyden's book is balanced, socio- or psychologically sound, or whether his recommendations will work. Neither he nor I is against children, the suburban life, or even what he calls "The Great Expectations Syndrome." But the little rats had it coming.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Suburbia's Coddled Kids" ($3.50), illustrated by Frank B. Modell, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday bookshops, one of which is located at 48 Maryland Plaza, St. Louis 8, Missouri.

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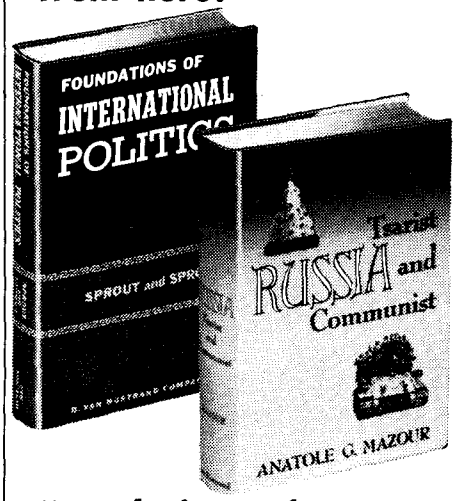
Where do we go from here?



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PROGRESS IN ATOMIC POWER

More than 120 *investor-owned* electric light and power companies are participating in 24 atomic power development projects of many different types. This is a $700,000,000 effort to find the best ways to produce low-cost electric power through atomic energy.

Atomic power today is contributing to the electric supply of nearly five million electric company customers in Pittsburgh, Chicago, New York, New England and California. Other millions of families, factories, businesses and farms served by the companies' interconnected power lines use it, too.

Of course, most of the electricity we now use is generated in conventional power plants. About four-fifths of it is produced in plants where coal, oil or gas heats water into steam to drive turbo-generators which produce electricity. Much of the rest is made in hydroelectric plants. Only a small part of our power now comes from nuclear sources. But it is an important part, and the investor-owned companies are intent on seeing it continue to grow.

One of the long-range goals of the investor-owned companies' extensive development program is to find the best and cheapest ways to produce electricity — to make sure the American people have an abundant supply of low-cost power in years to come. Fortunately, the United States is amply supplied with conventional fuels: coal, oil and gas. But nuclear fuels will be an important supplement to these energy sources.

When the first self-sustaining nuclear chain reaction in history was accomplished in 1942, development of atomic energy immediately came under strict government control. For military reasons it remained so until 1954, when Congress made it possible for electric companies to own and operate atomic power plants.

In the beginning, the electric companies and others in the atomic power field were faced by a twofold challenge. First, they had to develop new machinery and methods for producing electricity in nuclear-fueled plants. Beyond this lay the equally important

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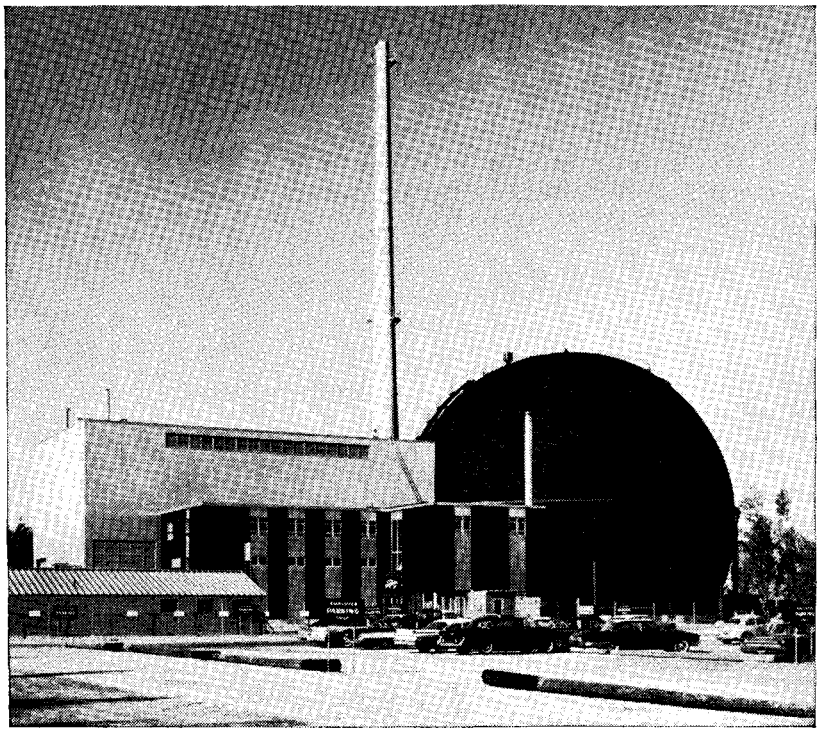
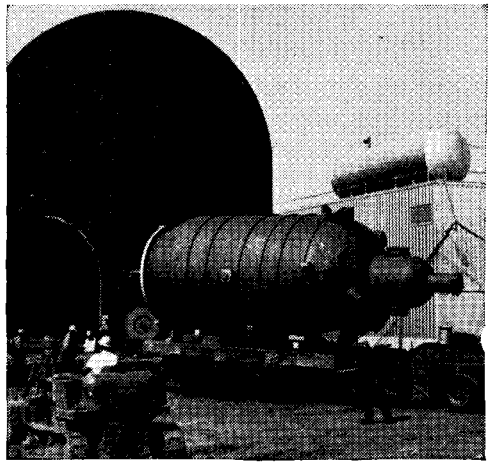


One of the atomic power plants being built by an investor-owned electric company is Consumers Power Co.'s 50,000-kilowatt station at Big Rock Point, Mich.

Construction on the 66,000-kilowatt Pathfinder plant at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, built by Northern States Power Company and Central Utilities Atomic Power Associates.



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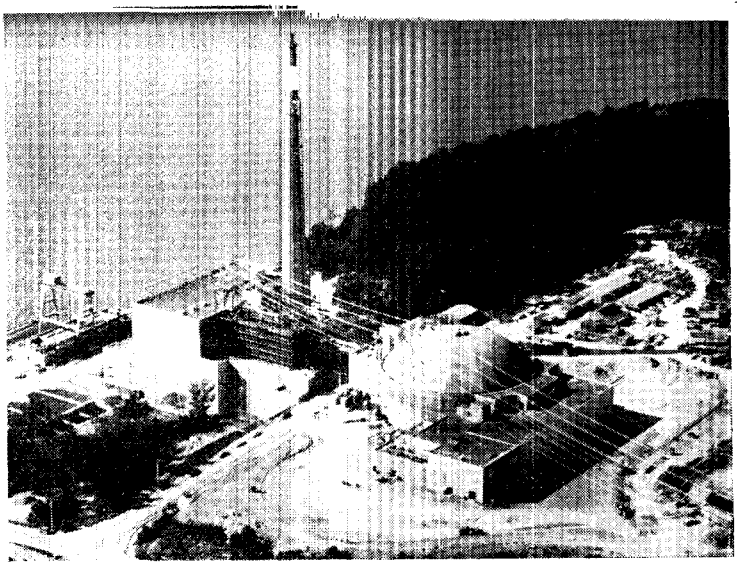
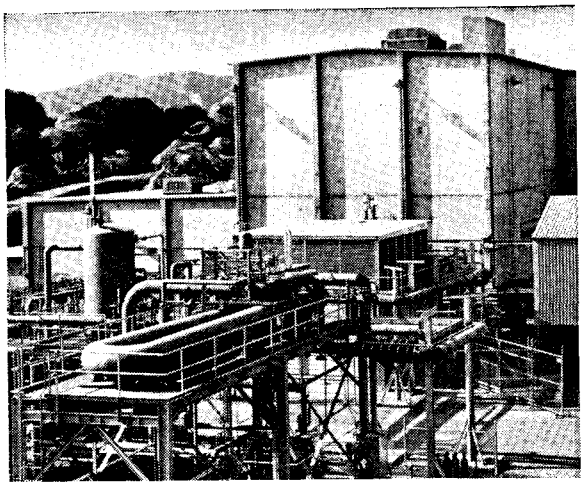
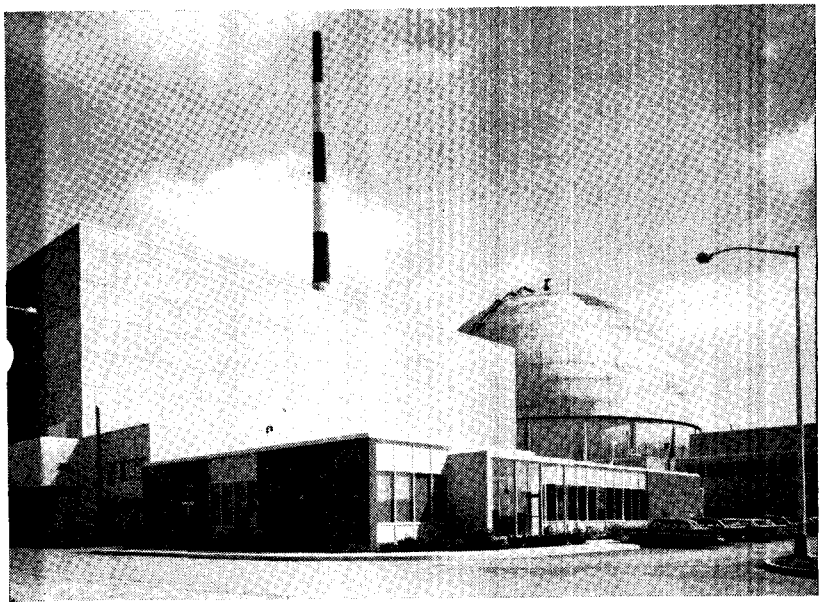


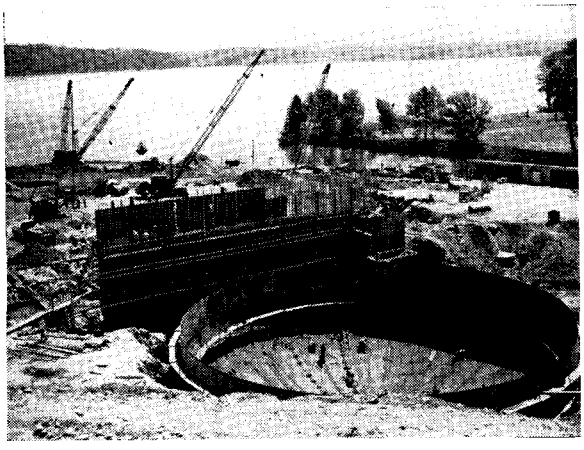
An aerial view of Consolidated Edison Co.'s 275,000-kilowatt nuclear power plant at Indian Point, New York.



Southern California Edison Company operates the conventional portion of the Santa Susana nuclear power plant near Los Angeles.

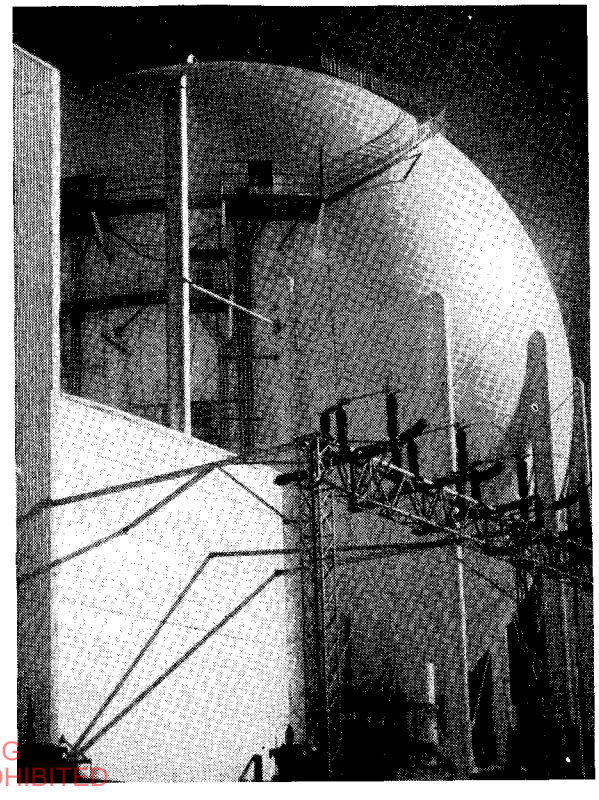


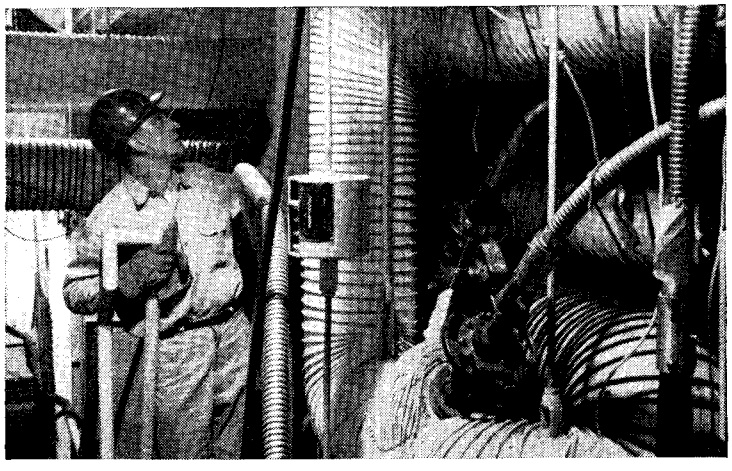
Commonwealth Edison Co.'s 180,000-kilowatt Dresden Nuclear Power Station near Chicago. Nuclear Power Group also contributed to the plant.



Construction begins at Peach Bottom, Pa., on the 40,000-kilowatt atomic plant of Philadelphia Electric Co. and a group of 53 other investor-owned companies.

Yankee Atomic Electric Company's 150,000-kilowatt nuclear station—built by 10 New England companies.





An engineer at work in the 100,000-kilowatt Enrico Fermi plant being built by the Detroit Edison Co. and Power Reactor Development Co.

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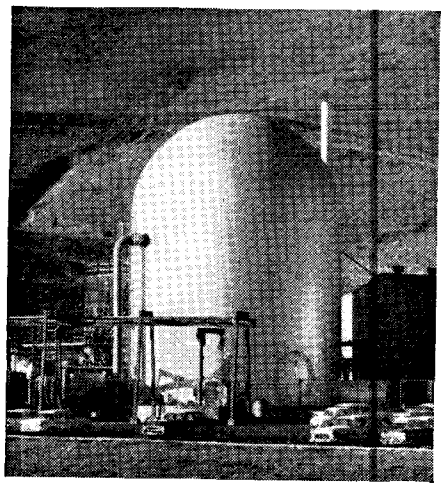
Atomic power plant of the Saxton Nuclear Experimental Corporation near Saxton, Pennsylvania – built by the four investor-owned companies of General Public Utilities Corp.



Pacific Gas and Electric Co. operates the conventional portion of the experimental atomic power plant at Vallecitos, Calif.

necessity to produce this electricity at costs no higher than power produced in conventional plants, which over the years have been constantly improved in efficiency.

The technical feasibility of producing atomic power has been proved beyond any doubt, and its economic feasibility is near in areas where the cost of conventional fuels is relatively high. Widespread research and development will continue until the most efficient types of reactors for producing electricity are fully determined.

Our nation's approach to nuclear power is both broad and diversified. It involves many different reactor types. In this program, the investor-owned electric companies are working in cooperation with the Atomic Energy Commission, equipment manufacturing companies, engineering construction firms, and various other organizations. Together, they are carrying on the world's most comprehensive program to develop full and economic use of nuclear energy in the production of electric power.

Investor-owned electric companies are now operating or participating in the operation of seven nuclear power plants. The plants that were in operation in 1961 produced, during that year, over two billion kilowatt-hours of electricity. During 1962 three more nuclear power plants sponsored by investor-owned electric companies are scheduled to begin operation. Two other plants are scheduled for operation early in 1963. There is another reactor plant under construction. There are three more in preliminary design or under contract negotiations. Electric companies are also participating in eight other nuclear research, design and study projects.

In some of these projects a number of electric companies are grouped together to share the cost of the extensive research, development, design, testing and construction. Some are being financed entirely in the free market by investor-owned electric companies working independently. In others, the AEC and equipment manufacturers are providing assistance.

Electric companies are constantly searching for ways to provide more and better electric service to benefit every man, woman and child in the nation. Their atomic power program is only one aspect of a broad research effort involving problems of generation, transmission, and distribution of electricity —part of their continuing expansion of electric supply systems.

Today, the total power production of the United States is about 884 billion kilowatt-hours a year. Forty years from now, total power production for the

Surveys are in progress at a 225-acre site acquired by Pacific Gas and Electric Co. at Bodega Bay, 65 miles north of San Francisco, for a 325,000-kilowatt nuclear power plant.

Shippingport, Pa., the world's first full-scale atomic power plant devoted exclusively to peacetime purposes, operated for the AEC by Duquesne Light Co.

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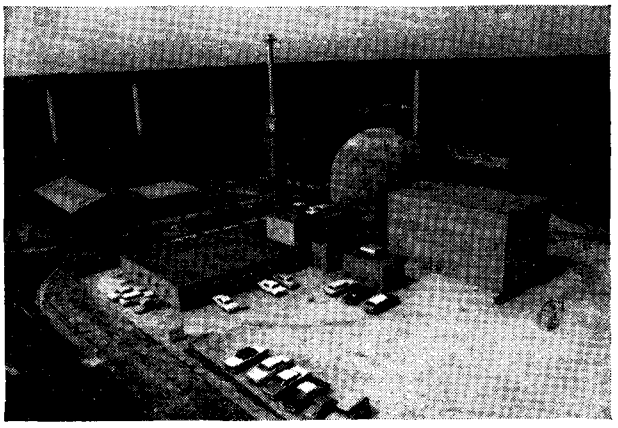
United States will probably be in a range of from six to ten trillion kilowatt-hours. But whatever the figure, the investor-owned electric companies stand ready and able to meet the full electric power needs of all Americans.

The source of this electric power? It will come in part from falling water, in part from coal, oil, or gas, and—to the full extent it is better or more economical—it will come from the use of atomic energy.



Atomic Plant, Parr, S.C., built for Carolinas Virginia Nuclear Power Associates.

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   Pacific Gas & Electric Co.
   Union Electric Co.

2. YANKEE ATOMIC ELECTRIC CO.:
   Boston Edison Co.
   Central Maine Power Co.
   Central Vermont Public Service Corp.
   Connecticut Light & Power Co.
   Eastern Utilities Associates
   Hartford Electric Light Co.
   New England Electric System
   New England Gas and Electric Association
   Public Service Co. of New Hampshire
   Western Massachusetts Electric Co.

3. AEC-*DUQUESNE LIGHT CO.* (a)

4. AEC-SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA EDISON CO.—ATOMICS INTERNATIONAL (SANTA SUSANA) (b)

5. GENERAL ELECTRIC—PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC CO. (VALLECITOS)(c)

6. SAXTON NUCLEAR EXPERIMENTAL CORP.:
   Pennsylvania Electric Co.
   Metropolitan Edison Co.
   Jersey Central Power and Light Co.
   New Jersey Power and Light Co.

7. CONSOLIDATED EDISON CO. OF N. Y., INC.

PROJECTS UNDER CONSTRUCTION OR DESIGN

8. NORTHERN STATES POWER CO.—CENTRAL UTILITIES ATOMIC POWER ASSOCIATES:
   Interstate Power Co.
   Iowa Power & Light Co.
   Iowa Southern Utilities Co.
   Madison Gas & Electric Co.
   Northern States Power Co.
   Northwestern Public Service Co.
   Otter Tail Power Co.
   St. Joseph Light & Power Co.
   Wisconsin Public Service Corp.

9. *PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC CO.* (HUMBOLDT BAY)

10. DETROIT EDISON CO.—POWER REACTOR DEVELOPMENT CO.:
    Alabama Power Co.
    Central Hudson Gas & Electric Corp.
    The Cincinnati Gas & Electric Co.
    Columbus & Southern Ohio Electric Co.
    Consumers Power Co.
    Delaware Power & Light Co.
    The Detroit Edison Co.
    Georgia Power Co.
    Gulf Power Co.
    Iowa-Illinois Gas and Electric Co.
    Long Island Lighting Co.
    Mississippi Power Co.
    Philadelphia Electric Co.
    Potomac Electric Power Co.
    Rochester Gas and Electric Corp.
    The Toledo Edison Co.
    Wisconsin Electric Power Co.

11. CAROLINAS VIRGINIA NUCLEAR POWER ASSOCIATES:
    Carolina Power & Light Co.
    Duke Power Co.
    South Carolina Electric & Gas Co.
    Virginia Electric and Power Co.

12. CONSUMERS POWER CO.

13. PHILADELPHIA ELECTRIC CO.—HIGH TEMPERATURE REACTOR DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATES, INC.:
    Alabama Power Co.
    Arizona Public Service Co.
    Arkansas Power & Light Co.
    Atlantic City Electric Co.
    Baltimore Gas and Electric Co.
    California Electric Power Co.
    Central Illinois Electric and Gas Co.
    Central Illinois Light Co.
    Central Illinois Public Service Co.
    Central Louisiana Electric Co., Inc.
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    Arkansas Power & Light Co.
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    Consolidated Edison Co. of New York, Inc.
    Consumers Power Co.
    Delaware Power & Light Co.
    The Detroit Edison Co.
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    Georgia Power Co.
    Gulf Power Co.
    The Hartford Electric Light Co.
    Indianapolis Power & Light Co.
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    Long Island Lighting Co.
    Metropolitan Edison Co.
    Mississippi Power Co.
    New Jersey Power & Light Co.
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    Public Service Electric and Gas Co.
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(b) The electric company has provided the turbo-generator portion. The reactor is owned by the AEC and operated by Atomics International.

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THE TWO-DOLLAR HAIRCUT

How near to my scalp were the
clips of my childhood,
Imposed by my elders, prece-
dent to church.
When the crown of my skull was
a deep-tangled wildwood,
Not yet the concern of financial
research;
How dear and distant from things
economic,
When Overhead hadn't been
paired with Expense,
Those days which were simple, if
possibly comic,
And haircuts were everywhere
twenty-five cents.
Impeccable haircuts,
Unparallelled haircuts,
Professional haircuts,
For twenty-five cents!
But now, far removed from a
workable budget
And wholly unable to figure the
score,
I have to cough up, and I bitterly
grudge it,
Eight-hundred per cent of those
prices of yore.
The State of Inflation just isn't that
lofty,
But how shall we tell them to go
climb a tree?
I'll pay it and smile, like a spirit-
less softy
And barbers had better say
"Service Compris."

—Russell McLauchlin.

• • •

THE DAMNEDEST THINGS HAPPEN TO ACTORS

WILFRED Clarke (the son of John Sleeper Clarke and Asia Booth, in case you are interested) played a sketch on the vaudeville circuit for many years. This was, of course, long ago. How long? Let us say back before safety razors were invented and men still shaved with the old straight-edged razor.

One night before the show a friend of his on the same bill dropped into his dressing room for a friendly chat, and then left to go to his own room to dress and make up for the evening's performance. In less than a minute, he was back in Clarke's dressing room, pale, breathless, and in a fainting condition.

When finally he could speak, Clarke heard what had happened to him: "When I came in tonight the key to my dressing room wasn't hanging on the rack. I figured I had left it in my door after the matinee—you often do—and thought no more of it. When I got to my room the key was in the lock so I opened the door. The lights were out but I knew someone was in the room and I could hear something. It sounded like a faint scrape. I reached for the switch and turned on the lights. There's a man standing in the middle of the room shaving himself in the dark!"

Clarke, not believing a word of it, said, "Come on, let's go back to your room." They cautiously peeked in the door. Sure enough, a man was standing there with lather on his face, an old-fashioned razor in his hand, looking in no particular direction, and shaving himself. This time they both ran. They ran and found the stage carpenter, who in vaudeville houses had charge of the dressing rooms, and gasped out their story.

"Oh, yes," said the stage carpenter to Clarke's friend, "I forgot to tell you. This bill opens with that blind pianist. He doesn't use a dressing room, but tonight he felt he should shave before the performance, so I put him in your room." The stage carpenter's tips weren't as large as usual that week.

—Howard Lindsay.

• • •

BE BOLD TO KILL A MOVIEGOER

(Being a Reader's Treasury of the First Person Inconclusive)

The Most Unkindest Cut of All

LIVING it, it seemed a summer like any other, only hotter. It was the summer I became forty-six, just a year to the day after my forty-fifth birthday. It was the summer when telephones were ubiquitous and they kept printing those ads with vodka bottles lying on their backs and talking to oranges. There was music. I stopped at street corners to watch the lights change lazily from "walk" to "don't walk," and a car would come by with its window

open and the theme from "Gaslight Preview" oozing into the twilight. That was the blessed thing about that hot summer—you could always find a crossing light and a car with its window open and a radio tuned to the cent of the dial.

Mostly it was the summer of the ballot boxes. You could call them ballot boxes, and I did, but they were really litter boxes. There were all those signs that said "Cast your ballot for a cleaner New York." So I did. I mean, I really did. I hectographed all those pages with, "Yes! I cast my ballot for a cleaner New York" (I typed the stencil on an electric, wearing gloves), and every time I passed a ballot box I folded one of the ballots and dropped it in. On weekdays I signed my own name. On Sundays I signed the name of a movie star or my dentist and on bank holidays I signed the name of a member of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. Every Saturday I signed the name of the office manager whom I had this thing about, you know. Sometimes I think he didn't know about it, but sometimes I think he did. He would look at me with this unspoken communication. That's how the day was saved from dailyness and in the evening there were always ballot boxes. (In the movie, they could have the camera follow the girl. A thin hand reaches out and drops a ballot into a ballot box. The ink isn't dry so she wipes her hand on her blouse without breaking stride.) I still have one of the blouses I wore that summer. White it was, in the fashion of the time. Purple hecto ink bleeds from the left seam.

It wasn't all solitary, that summer. My best office girl friend hand-lettered, "Smile—you're on candid camera," on a piece of cardboard and hung it in the Ladies Lounge. My second-best office girl friend filled all the soap dispensers with diluted green ink. That summer, everything was a little bit larger than life, and during our coffee breaks we sipped very cold Armenian yogurt. I could talk to those girls. I told them about the booklet on "How to become a naturalized citizen" that I mailed anonymously to the president of the DAR. Once for a whole month I wore a silver dollar against my bunionectomy scar. But I never told anybody about the ballot boxes. That was the secret that sat in the heart of that strange hot summer. (Ellibelle, Schatzie, are you somewhere reading this? We have come full circle. The debt is paid.)

I'm grown up now and I understand about things like the Armenian yogurt and the soap dispensers and the ballot boxes. Especially the ballot boxes. But living it, it was just an ordinary summer. An ordinary hot summer. The summer of my forty-sixth birthday.

—Trudy Drucker.

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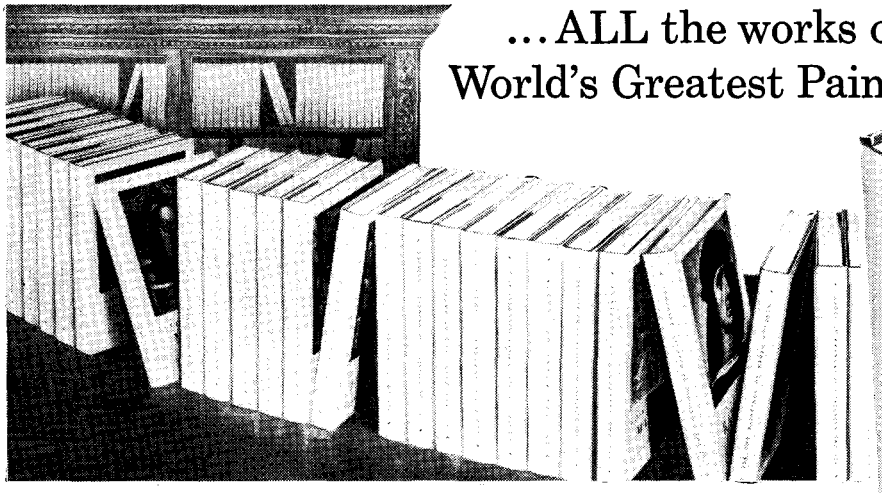

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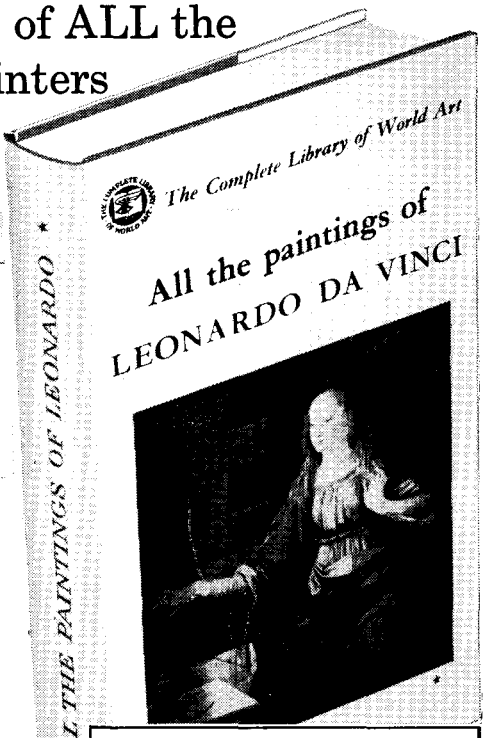

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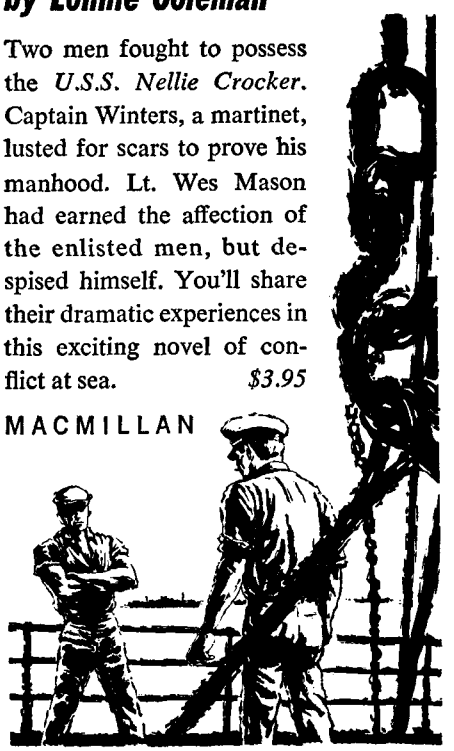
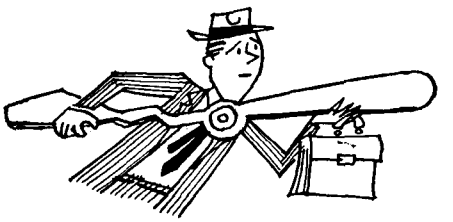


TRADE Winds

THERE'S SOME DELIGHTFUL reading in Gore Vidal's "Rocking the Boat" (Little, Brown). One of the best stories comes from his interview with Barry Goldwater, who told of his pen-pal relationship with Ayn Rand. The Senator explained that he had trouble keeping up with her as a correspondent because she was in the habit of writing him twelve-page letters.

"We have one basic difference of opinion," he told Vidal solemnly. "You see, I see a place for God in the scheme of things and she doesn't."

A FELLOW I KNOW named Leonard Stevens has a friend who flies his own



plane. The friend came to visit Stevens and, in landing, nosed up and bent his propeller. When Stevens arrived at the small airport to pick up the friend, the latter had removed the prop and was carrying it with him.

"This will have to be taken into New York to be fixed," he told Stevens. "Since you're going into town tomorrow, how about delivering it for me?"

So the next day Stevens stepped on the train at New Milford, Connecticut, carrying a bent airplane propeller. By the time the train reached such towns as Wilton and Norwalk, commuters were climbing aboard. The propeller, seven feet long, was conspicouously stretched along the luggage rack. True to the commuter code, everyone ignored it—except for one extremist, who threw his hat on it and blurted out, "Hey, someone left an airplane propeller here."

Carefully, nobody looked up. This takes training, for it is difficult not to look up at an airplane propeller.

At Grand Central Terminal, quite a few passengers, pretending they were reading the last few paragraphs in their newspapers, hung back to see who would pick up the propeller. Stevens finally had to reveal himself. He took the bent propeller into the station, where he had to leave it at the checkroom until later in the day. The attendant took it without batting an eye.

HERE ARE SOME MORE of those crazy definitions. These are by Edwin Bateman Morris in the *Potomac Valley Architect*:

Allege: "a precipice."

Illegal: "a sick bird."

Realtor: "as opposed to imitation tor."

Cursory: "having to do with profanity."

Molasses: "another gathering of girls."

Futile: "not many tile."

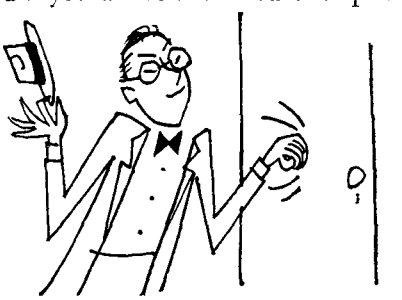
Disbar: "as distinguished from some other bar."

IN HIS LATEST book "Author! Author!" (Simon and Schuster), P. G. Wodehouse tells what he thinks of readers' reports. In a letter he wrote to his friend Bill Townend in 1946, he said, "I often wonder how a publisher ever accepts a novel on a reader's report. What bleak, barren productions they are. Typical reader's report of 'Henry IV, Part I,' by W. Shakespeare:

" 'This is a story of life in London, with very little to recommend it. The plot is improbable and does not carry conviction, as it deals with a Prince of Wales who visits saloons. There is a fat man named Falstaff.' "

IN JAPAN, where the mastery of the English language is one of the chief pursuits of these industrious people, "The Book That Strengthens Your English," by Professor Kazuo Iwata, has sold a couple of million copies. In it he writes:

"Suppose you are in the toilet and there is a knock from outside. How would you answer? I asked this ques-



tion of some thirty people. They include presidents of big businesses, government officials, journalists, housewives, and students. No one could give me the right answer. Isn't it a pity that after learning English for some time you cannot express such a simple thing?"

The correct answer, the professo goes on to say, is: "Someone in."

SHARPS AND FLATS: Two movies at a drive-in near Elkton, Maryland: "Go

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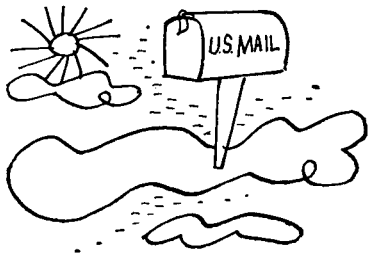
Naked ... and "Look into My Window."

►Leonard Fass says there are American Indians in Shakespeare: Birnam Wood. (Ugh!)

►The usually accurate "Publishers' Weekly" was embarrassed when it listed Bemelmans's new book, "On Board Noah's Ark," as "Do Not Broadcast Before Breakfast," which some sleepy



typist copied from the press release. This was not as horrible as the time the magazine printed an obituary in the regular space headed, "Change of Address."

I've gotten around to reading "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich" in the Crest paper edition. There is a lot of memorable material in the book, but Shirer's footnote on page 40 will stay with me permanently. On that page he notes "Mein Kampf": "The art of reading, as of learning, is this: *to retain the essential, to forget the non-essential.*" Then, in the footnote, come the momentous words: "The italics are Hitler's."

►A shaggy story. A doctor was awakened in the middle of the night by the telephone. "Come quickly," said a voice, "this is an emergency." The medic could get no more details but finally convinced the worried caller to come to the office. Soon the doorbell rang and the doctor put on his bathrobe and hurried to answer it. He flung open the door and faced a man on whose head stood a pelican. "Say, Doc," asked the pelican, "can you get this thing off my feet?"

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1483)

RICHARD M. NIXON:
SIX CRISES

Some of the lessons I have learned from six crises I offer not as inflexible rules but only as tentative guides. . . Since we live in an age in which individual reaction to crisis may bear on the fate of mankind, we must learn all we can and sharpen our responses.

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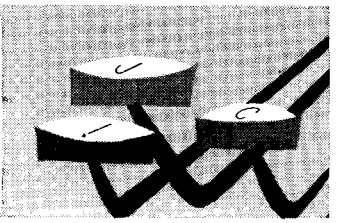
Manner of Speaking



TV AND THE SCRIPT: My ten months in TV (*SR*, September 1) shook no firmaments, but they did make me think about the medium more closely than I would have done had I had no direct connection with it. Let me set down my thoughts as I bow out, for though I hope to do an occasional show now and then for larks (and much of it *is* fun), a steady diet is too much for me.

TV is an exciting but also a terrifying and a destroying medium. It is a mangler that pulps talents energies, and lives. Even when filled out by hours of old movies, kiddie shows, news casts, coverage of events not prepared by the networks, and reruns, that glowing screen has an endless appetite. There can be no pause in the grinding out of shows. And the instant a show has been put on the air, it is dead. If the program is a regular series, another show must be under way well before the last one is in the can. By the time an idea man or a writer has been at it for a year or two, he has been wrung dry of inventiveness. He has to settle for formula. And, unless he is a wily pro, the formula itself will have run out of switches before long and died of repetition.

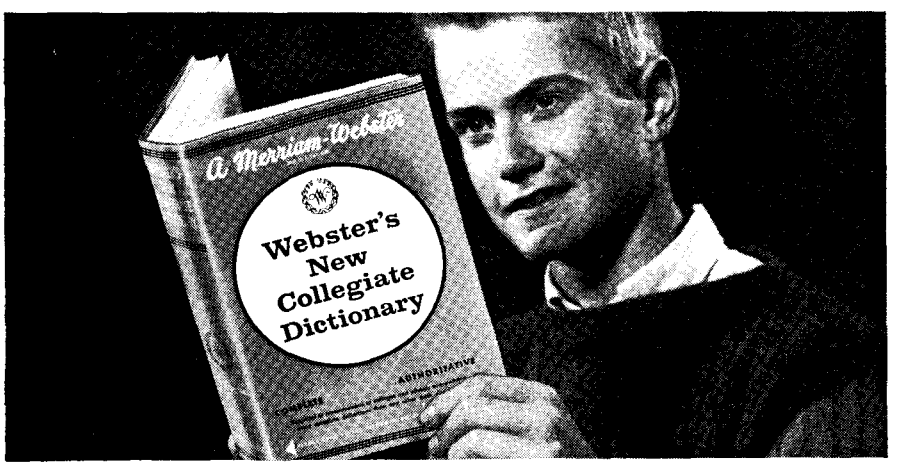
Nor can we overlook the fact that for all its efforts to put on a serious public relations face, TV is basically a hucksters' medium. The networks must make their peace with those Congressional committees (none of which really knows what it wants TV to be), but what keeps the networks in business is simply enough advertising agencies with messages to deliver. The success of the agencies in delivering their messages is measured by the ratings. A rating is an effort at simple counting: it measures, or it pretends to measure, how many people are watching a given show [illegible] evaluate their ex[illegible] rates in terms of cost-per-potential-customer-reached, their logical goal is to reach as many people as possible per dollar. And since the networks can, in effect, charge more per message when they can demonstrate (via the ratings) that the message is reaching more people, they, too, are in the race.

No wonder the process becomes gimmicky. The aim is to grab attention. In what other medium could a man have become a genius overnight by raising a quiz program ante from $64 to $64,000? He went down as a genius because, by spilling big money, he had touched a nerve of everyman's identity, and his gimmick stole the audience from all competition. But no gimmick—neither $64,000 nor $64,000,000—lasts forever. You drive it for what mileage there is in it, and you walk away from it when it stalls, always scouting ahead for the next gimmick and the next. This may not be the happiest side of TV, but it remains firmly the side on which the cash register rings.

Yet, despite its being a hucksters' medium by nature, TV is under steady public relations pressure to produce programs called, generally, "more responsible." But one of the troubles with producing such programs—entirely aside from the fact that they tend to do badly in their ratings, and thereby in the cash box—is simply the lack of material. Obviously, in some ideal world, TV could be as much an art form as the movies at their best. In this world, however, a half hour or even an hour, interrupted at regular intervals by commercials, hardly leaves time for other than shallow penetration of a subject or a dramatic situation. TV cannot pretend as a regular thing to deal with those insights and shadings we expect of serious art. When it deals with story, it deals with plot—with the kind of formula-written, episodic plot of the pulp writers.

A writer trying seriously to develop the human consequences of a dramatic situation may be hard put to make his story come out to the right pauses for commercials. Straight mindless plot can always be chopped to fit the sweep-second hand. Plot, moreover, is endlessly and easily adaptable. A pursuit-and-chase story is always a pursuit-and-chase story, and it is always sure fire whether on horseback, shipboard, squad car, plane, train, or pogo-stick. There is no need even to change characters: you simply change costumes and background. And those, of course, are changes the camera loves.

The medium, moreover, is essentially inimical to serious writing. Suppose a writer showed up who could turn out scripts that had the resonance and di-



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mensions in the World" set." What happens when Ophelia's drowning is reported—only to be followed by a commercial break in which the jingle-sters come on with, "How would you ...e to drench yourself in luxury?" The absurd language of the commercials simply cannot live side by side with the language spoken by a formed human mind.

But if the networks are in any way serious about finding scripts touched by that extra dimension we expect of art, I have a suggestion to make. The trouble with producing "better" shows lies in finding the talent to write them. Why could not the leading networks, together with such interested parties as, say, *TV Guide*—and even those Congressional committees, if they want to come in on it—convene a symposium of the best serious writers in the country? Let those writers then be asked on what conditions they would be willing to take TV-writing seriously. The writers, I am sure, would not be reluctant to answer, as I am sure that many of them would be happily willing to try writing for TV if they felt they could do so on their own terms.

The difference between a serious writer and a slick pro is that a serious writer is more interested in putting humanity on paper than in merely getting a job of writing done. That may be more difference than TV can swallow. It might well be, therefore, that when the writers state their terms, the networks would find themselves unable to meet them. But such a symposium—and it could be arranged at trifling expense in terms of network budgets—could at least get the cobwebs out of the corners. It is even likely that the networks would have to conclude they have no future except in falling back on the services of their ever-reliable slick pros. But at least let the question be discussed with the best talent that can be brought together. For if the networks seriously want better writing, they will certainly have to find it in better writers. All the TV pros can offer a network, in the long run, is more of what it already has too much of (and never enough)—with at best a change of gimmick and a switch-ending. For in the land where nothing lasts except Jack Benny, the gimmick and the switch are the only two monuments there are to the eternal.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Saturday Review
SEPTEMBER 8, 1962

THE FEEL OF WRITING

By NANCY HALE, *novelist and short story writer whose observations on writers and writings have appeared from time to time on these pages. This article is from "The Realities of Fiction," to be published this month by Little, Brown & Co.*

THE WRITER is a person who goes around in a state of skinlessness; that is, he exists in a "state of open susceptibility," as Elizabeth Bowen described it. In this state, which can be either exaltation or gloom, sense impressions along his day's path—sights, sounds, smells, a taste or a touch—impinge upon his sentience and thrust either painful or thrilling fingers into the depths of his being.

The first time I needed to write anything was when I was about eight. I was sitting on the back steps of our house after a rain, staring out at the swamp, purple with loosestrife and joe-pye weed. A cat came skulking out of the long wet grass and wove its way past the steps, rubbing its sides against the rough boards. I couldn't bear it. I went back into the house, and in my journal—my "Diary. Private. Keep out!"—which had hitherto been filled only with accounts of meetings of the Four Queens Club and of swimming at Lake Pearl, I began to write, "As I was sitting on the back steps today, a cat came skulking out of the long wet grass. . . ."

With these words I was, for the first time, expressing feeling. If the writer doesn't have feeling, he is nothing, for here it is the same as belief. If the writer doesn't believe in his own fiction, he is certainly not going to persuade the reader to believe in all that imitation grass, bogus activity, and imaginary conversation. If he does have feeling for his fiction, and if he masters the tricks of conveying his feeling without interfering with it too much, a light will go up on the scene he has set, the blindfold will be snatched from his readers' eyes, and, purring with delight, they will set themselves to the willing suspension of disbelief.

I have never felt that the literal taking of notes by a writer went very far toward creating characters that came alive. A writer in New Hampshire was telling me he makes careful notes of every interesting event or person or scene that comes his way, and then types file cards from the scribbled notes. Next he inserts the cards into their proper places in a file case. He has, he said, five of these file cases already filled with notes on every aspect of life. He has really pinned experience down. But I must confess I have more confidence in Mr. Faulkner's system of running along after characters who originated in his imagination and writing down what *they* say. It may not be so neat, but it is a lot more like being a writer. The writer who files his notes has everything put away safely where he can find it again, but Mr. Faulkner showed he had feeling for his characters.

Feeling, not emotion. Some people insist on using the word feeling interchangeably with the word emotion, as if they were the same quality. They are certainly allied; but feeling, as I am speaking of it here, is neither hate, fear, anger, nor desire; it is a method of perceiving. It is concerned with secrets, with hiding-places, with inventions, with fantasy, with imaginary people and imaginary conversations.

I remember once finding myself alone at dinner in a New York club, tired after a long day, looking about the roomful of men and women, for the most part elderly, and being slowly filled with an enormous delight, not in them as real people, but in them as characters. It could hardly have been called love—I didn't know anyone there—it was more an ecstasy of examining those idiosyncratic old faces; mentally caressing their withered arms; admiring their necklaces and their tortoise-shell crosses on chains, their black satin dresses, their too-soft white hair, their pink scalps, their ol fingers loaded with diamond rings, th glittering crystal of their pince-nez; a side-comb about to tumble here, a spot of gravy upon a starched shirt-front there, an ambassadorial moustache, a hairdo of looped-up gray scallops above an intellectual brow, a mink cape thrown back over a chair, a gray woolen dress wholly unsuitable for dining, a copy of Plato laid by the plate of one solitary diner, a scarlet brocade purse beside the plate of another; an important frown, an experienced laugh, frowsy old eyebrows lifted knowingly, an air of firm forthright address delivered with no nonsense, tinklingly sweet tones, a voice overheard saying, "My dear . . .," another voice that whined " 'Her-bert,' I told him, 'that just won't do!' " They were so marvelous. I was full of joy. This may have been partly feeling for life, but it was mostly feeling for fiction.

Feeling's function is to inform its possessor of what things mean to him. Unlike emotion, which is not a conscious function at all, it gropes, touches, caresses, explores; although it is wholly absorbed in the meanings of things, it is thing-centered, not, like emotion, self centered. Emotion inundates, lil dammed-up water released all at once, but it is feeling's whole nature to discriminate, to select. Feeling plays with the scene—and perhaps this is the safest definition of all for the kind of feeling

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a writer needs: a feeling for play with the materials of experience.

Feeling, although not emotion, is certainly the opposite of intellect. While lecturing on writing at the University of Virginia, the novelist John Knowles was asked why writers view critics as their enemies. One arch questioner put it, "Mr. Knowles, you will concede, I presume, that the well-disposed critic can be the writer's friend?" Knowles replied that the trouble is, critics are so much more intelligent than writers that writers can't really understand them. There was some dissatisfied shifting about in seats at this. Yet it is true that fiction simply cannot proceed from the intellect—a fact known to the wisest old editors, who, in making suggestions for change, try to soothe their authors' feelings rather than challenge their minds.

For some time it has been fashionable to salaam before intellect and all its doings, and most people today either lead with the intellect or play like they are doing so. There are some things the intellect cannot do, however, and one of them is to write, unaided, a good story. A friend of mine, one of the dozen best short story writers in the country, told me she learned how to write short stories from being in love, at different times, with two men who wrote short stories. Not that they told her much. It just came off on her.

The novelist Rosamond Lehmann writes, "I am surprised when writers have perfectly clear ideas for what they are going to write, and I find it dismaying, for more reasons than one, to have the projected contents related to me, at length and in rational sequence. I would be more encouraged by such an answer —given in rather a hostile and depressed way—as: It is about some people. And if the author could bear to pursue the subject, and mention any of the images and symbols haunting his mind—if he spoke for instance of a fin turning in a waste of waters, of the echo in the caves, of an empty house shuttered under dust sheets, of an April fall of snow, of music from the fair at night, of the burnt-out shell of a country house, of that woman seen for a moment from a bus-top, brushing her hair before the glass—I should feel that something was afoot." Something would indeed be afoot, for all this is the stuff of feeling, which clothes itself, at least in fiction, with symbols and snatches of vision.

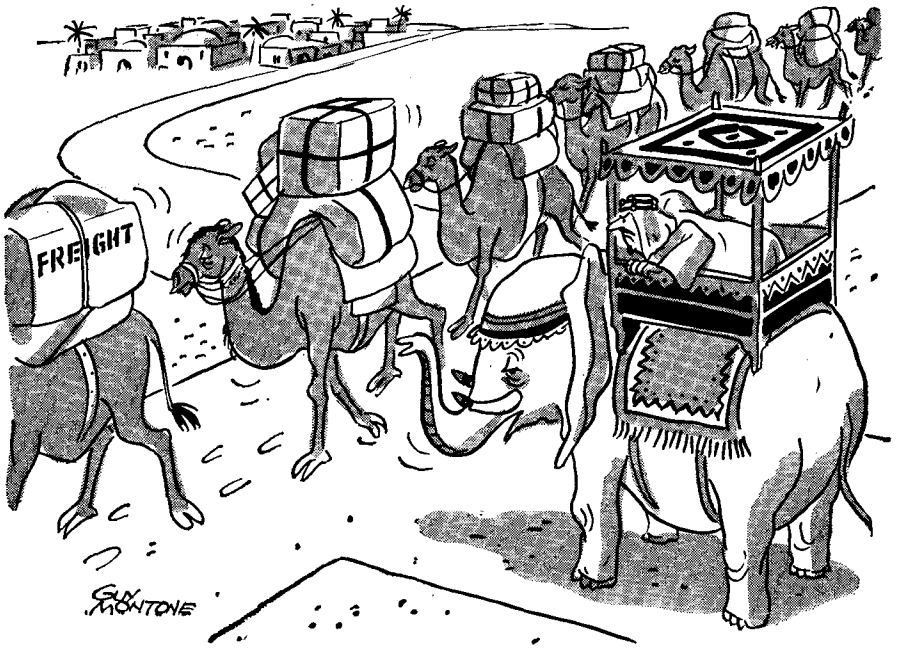
Often, however, the writer himself—hostile, even frightened, adrift among today's sea of critical minds—tends to identify with the critical approach, which is not at all the same thing as developing the ability to think. So the writer becomes, not a critic, but an apostate artist. The writer is not incapable of thought, any more than the critic is incapable of feeling (some critics evidence very deep feeling indeed). But the critic's feeling is for finished works of art, not for the imaginary stuff of art (else, perhaps, they would be, not critics, but writers). For a natural writer to strain to emulate the critic's approach is an expense of spirit in a waste of shame; it is a selling of his birthright.

THE writer normally lives on feelings, intuitions, and symbols, a state of mind difficult to make believable in real life to even the kindliest critical intelligence. His art consists of the overcoming of this barrier by a supreme act of transference. If he fails in his task, he may become one of those artists who claim to despise the intellect and all its work. But this is no victory, for only false pride despises its opposite.

It is as though once upon a time there was a forest, which was approached at opposite sides by two brothers. The older brother came up to the forest, examined its appearance meticulously from various angles, peered into it, drew out a notebook, and set down some notes in which he commented on the forest's vast extent, overgrown condition, and likelihood of containing snakes. He then walked away, having understood the forest. The younger brother approached the forest and, his fancy at once captured by the sight of a lichen growing on the silver-gilt bark of a birch tree just inside, plunged into the woods and in no time at all was lost. Treading on treacherous and swampy ground, hemmed in on every side by bristling tree trunks, threatened by poisonous serpents that hung from the branches of the trees, too far inside to call for help, he needed every particle of ingenuity he possessed to figure out the way to get back again. At last, however, he did emerge, and with quite a story to tell. It is so with the writer, faced by experience.

This parable is of course somewhat misleading, because the older brother, the critic, is viewing the experience of real facts, real finished forests and books, when he takes his notes. For his writing brother, moreover, the perils of the forest exist largely in his own imagination. The tree trunks were, possibly, papier-maché; the snakes, rubber hose; the critic brother would never have allowed himself to become so panicky. Yet that is the way the writer is. He needs every bit of technical wisdom —tricks of telling, organization of method—he can summon if he is to rescue himself from his experience; if he is to persuade anybody else of what happened to him. His thinking self is thus employed in the service of his feeling self, and not, as with his critic brother, in soberly viewing outer reality—whether real life or real books—and coming to conclusions about it.

Form and technique are the salvation of those who, like the writer, feel threatened with inundation by the forces released by experience. They constitute the artist's kind of thinking. A similar salvation used to be the technique of draughtsmanship in the painter's art; or the technique of manners in society—which, in fact, used to be called "good form." For some, there are the forms of a lifetime's habits, or the ritual forms of the church. The writer, unable to find satisfaction in any order he can discover in or impose upon life,



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creates his own forms: something to put his experience in. He needs form because he cannot contain himself.

"At the end of his writing day," William Maxwell says in his essay on the tricks of writing fiction, "the writer, looking green with fatigue—also from not having shaved—emerges from his narrative dream at last, with something in his hand he wants somebody to listen to. His wife will have to stop what she is doing and think of a card, any card; or be sawed in half again and again until the act is letter-perfect. And when the writer is in bed with the light out, he tosses. Far from dropping off to sleep he thinks of something, and the light beside his bed goes on, long enough for him to write down five words that may or may not mean a great deal to him in the morning. The light may go on and off several times before his steady breathing indicates that he is asleep. And while he is asleep he may dream—he may dream that he had a dream, in which the whole meaning of what he is trying to say is brilliantly revealed to him. Just so the dog asleep on the hearth-rug dreams; you can see, by the faint jerking movement of his four legs, that he is after a rabbit. The writer's rabbit is the truth—about life, about human character, about himself and therefore by extension, it is to be hoped, about other people. He is convinced that all this is knowable, can be described, can be recorded, by a person sufficiently dedicated to describing and recording; can be caught in a net of narration."

Yet, all rabbits aside, is it really the truth the writer is after, in his imagining, in his play? The writer, as easily intimidated as he is exalted by words, finds, if he thinks about it, that the word truth becomes monolithic, formidable. Is that really what he was trying to convey about his dear trove of seashells, his handful of wildflowers from the wood, his private joke? Truth? Possibly if he were Tolstoi. . . . But let me quote one more except, this time from Hemingway's short story "The Three-Day Blow." The two adolescent boys, drinking whisky before the fire, have become quite tight. They have been talking about literature:

> "Gentlemen," Bill said, "I give you Chesterton and Walpole."
>
> "Exactly, gentlemen," Nick said.
>
> They drank. Bill filled up the glasses again.
>
> "You were very wise, Wemedge," Bill said.
>
> "What do you mean?" asked Nick.
>
> "To bust off that Marge business," Bill said.
>
> "I guess so," said Nick.
>
> "It was the only thing to do. If you hadn't, by now you'd be back working, trying to get enough money to get married."
>
> Nick said nothing.
>
> "Once a man's married he's absolutely bitched," Bill went on. "He hasn't got anything more. Nothing. Not a damn thing. He's done for. You've seen the guys that get married."
>
> Nick said nothing.
>
> "You can tell them," Bill said, "They get this sort of fat, married look. They're done for."
>
> "Sure," said Nick.
>
> "You came out of it damned well," Bill said. "Now she can marry somebody of her own sort and settle down and be happy. You can't mix oil and water, and you can't mix that sort of thing, any more than if I'd marry Ida that works for the Strattons. She'd probably like it, too."
>
> Nick said nothing. The liquor had all died out of him and left him alone. Bill wasn't there. He wasn't sitting in front of the fire, or going fishing tomorrow with Bill and his dad, or anything. He wasn't drunk. It was all gone. All he knew was that he had once had Marjorie and that he had lost her."

That is pure feeling, all right, laid bare before our eyes. It is feeling being revealed by the ultimate in prestidigitation—the art of communicating meaning in terms utterly artless. Hemingway thought that particular trick up for himself; all the best tricks are the ones writers have invented for themselves out of their need. Although it is certainly truth that Hemingway is communicating in this passage, it is neither monolithic nor formidable. It is just something worth trying to say. It is just true.

A Modest Professional

Clyde Brion Davis

CLYDE Brion Davis, who died July 19, was a professional writer in both senses of the phrase. He wrote for a living, and he was objective about what he wrote. Clyde was forty or a bit over when, after a couple of decades on newspapers in various places, particularly Buffalo and Denver, he produced the newspaperman's dream: the first novel which hits the jackpot. It was called "The Anointed." I cannot trace all the adventures of the manuscript, except that my friend Bill Sloane, who was then working as an editor at Farrar and Rinehart, told me of digging this manuscript out of a pile of unpromising waste paper and finding himself captivated. "The Anointed" became a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, and so did Clyde Davis's second novel, which he called, in quotes, " 'The Great American Novel.' " Two in a row is not quite unique, but it does not happen often. " 'The Great American Novel' " was the story of an extremely naïve newspaperman who expected to escape from the drudgery of journalism by becoming famous as a writer of books.

Clyde himself was by no means naïve, and he was nothing like the hero of " 'The Great American Novel.' " One conspicuous difference was that he did not expect to write the great American novel. But he did, and he was successful enough to get out of journalism. He was unbluffable, in which respect he reminded me strongly of Elmer Davis, whom I knew slightly, and Bernard DeVoto, whom I knew well. He had a sense of humor which is hard to explain because it was both satiric and generous. He had an enormous interest in, and sympathy for, those people who were naïve. This was sometimes his strength and sometimes his weakness.

I had the great pleasure and honor of being Clyde's editor over a period of ten years or so, and, quite aside from our professional relationship, we carried on a correspondence which brought me every Monday morning a letter not only full of wise saws and modern instances, but also full of vinegar and other appropriate ingredients; and my Monday mornings will never be the same again. Clyde had the good fortune to die suddenly, without a lingering illness (he had had serious ailments, but that is different); and the first I knew of it was when I read the obituary in the *Times* July 20. He got, and rated, two-column head and a picture. He was a modest man; I only wish he could have lived to see it.

—GEORGE STEVENS.

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To Love and Have Not

By GRANVILLE HICKS

ON THE jacket of Jean Ariss's second novel, **"The Shattered Glass"** (Knopf, $4.95), appear enthusiastic recommendations by Lael Tucker Wertenbaker, Lucy Freeman, William Inge, Jessamyn West, Marya Mannes, and Virgilia Peterson, all persons I respect, some of them highly. Since I myself am lukewarm about the book, it is only fair to report that it has its admirers, and I shan't be surprised if many readers agree with them rather than with me.

I think the novel is a kind of high-class soap opera. (My acquaintance with soap operas is slight but perhaps sufficient to warrant the statement.) I don't want to make fun of the book, for it is seriously intended and there are insights that are impressive; but, harrowing as it tries to be, I am almost wholly unmoved by it.

It is the story of a woman who falls passionately in love, virtually at first sight, with a man who turns out to be an alcoholic. A talented architect, he is capable of rising to great heights, but always he falls, again and again and again, and into ever deeper abysses. And always the woman is there, nursing him, giving him money, enduring his abuse, kidnaping him from a mental institution, searching him out in jail. Horror piles upon horror, but she is undaunted.

Miss Ariss has chosen to leave her principal characters nameless: they are the man and the woman, he and she. This is an annoying mannerism, and I can see no reason for it unless the author thinks, mistakenly, that it gives her story universality. What it does do is to make the novel seem pretentious.

The author wastes no time in assaulting the reader's emotions. The opening chapter consists of three episodes: in the first the woman is attending her son's funeral; in the second, perhaps bent on suicide, she is saved by the man, whom she thus meets for the first time; in the third she is in bed with her estranged husband, who has come home for the funeral. Soon she is involved in a rapturous love affair, and then the horrors begin.

The story is told entirely from the woman's point of view, and a good deal of it in a kind of interior monologue, which is largely exclamatory:

> How well my boy looks, how tan. His skin's such a beautiful color. What am I expected to do? I'm afraid to kiss him or touch his cheek. I'll run my hand over his hair, once lightly. So soft the bristle. He'll look better when it grows out a little. I wish Mother wouldn't cry. I wish I were out of here, alone, with my old clothes on. Damn these shoes—there's a blister on my heel already. I never had any luck buying shoes in a hurry.

As the horrors mount, Miss Ariss works harder and harder to convey the intensity of her heroine's feeling.

> The tears swelled behind her eyes, aching out of the corners, too slow to bring relief. He had no right. He simply had no right. All the anxiety, all the fear and the love were wasted. He did this to himself. The doctor was right. He had done this to her and to himself, leaving her with no way even to clean up his hideous refuse.

I find this kind of writing, especially in large quantities, hard to take. I also have reservations about the story itself. There is the man's father, who, according to the man's account, has devoted a fiendish ingenuity to frustrating and destroying his son. If Miss Ariss is looking for an explanation of the man's alcoholism, she has found one, all right: the father would drive anyone to drink. But he is so diabolic that I cannot believe in him.

NOR are the man and the woman wholly credible. When the man is on the upswing, he rises fast and he soars high. Human beings are fearfully and wonderfully made, and one can scarcely say that anything is impossible; but the man's powers of recovery are, to say the least, extraordinary. As for the woman, we have to take her love and loyalty for granted; they are what the book is about; but she does have a home and two daughters and a husband of sorts, and they have almost no reality for us. Whenever there is a crisis, the woman can always forget everything else and go into action. One of the reasons why Charles Jackson's "The Lost Weekend" was impressive was that it was so solidly wrought, so convincing in all the little details. "The Shattered Glass," on the contrary, is at moments carelessly contrived.

"The Lost Weekend" is, of course, brought to mind, but the two books are quite dissimilar. This is not the story of an alcoholic, but the story of a woman who is in love with one. Jackson's novel, which appeared when not so much had been written about alcoholism as a disease, had the virtue, among others, of being informative. Miss Ariss has nothing to say about alcoholism that isn't familiar to most people. What she is telling us—and, up to a point, showing us—is that it is hell to be in love with an alcoholic.

The novel is a kind of "Patient Griselda" brought up to date, and if the heroine is not the equal of Boccaccio's Griselda in patience, she does equal her in fortitude and the capacity for forgiveness. The man does not spare her, and Miss Ariss does not spare the reader. For instance, after the man has been on a prolonged drunk and has ended in a sanatorium, the woman goes to his room in the city, a room they have sometimes happily shared. Miss Ariss carefully depicts the filth, the stench, the rats, the piles of bottles; and goes on to describe the labors of the woman, who, without even hot water, cleans up the mess. Then the woman proceeds to the sanatorium, gets the man out by sheer audacity, and brings him back to the room.

The novel has two qualities that may make it popular. In the first place, it moves rapidly from episode to episode. (So, of course, does a soap opera.) And in the second place, Miss Ariss does manage to achieve moments of emotional intensity. She does it, as I have tried to show, by means of a tiresomely exclamatory style, but she does do it, and some readers will not worry about the means. It seems to me, however, that if a writer is to produce more than a passing shudder, he must have stylistic resources that can not only reach but sustain a high level of intensity. James Baldwin does this magnificently in the first hundred pages of "Another Country," William Faulkner does it in the Joe Christmas episodes of "Light in August" and in other novels. Melville does it, perhaps better than anyone else, in the last chapters of "Moby Dick." Some great novelists—one thinks immediately of Henry James—do not try for this kind of intensity, though they may have intensity of another sort, as surely James has. But if a writer does want to work directly on the emotions of his readers, he must have mastered his craft in a way that Miss Ariss hasn't done.

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AREAS OF MAJOR CRISIS

In a debate review of ***"Freedom and Foreign Policy," by Thomas J. Dodd*** *(Bookmailer. 321 pp. Flexible cover, $4; hardcover, $5.50), journalist-author Victor Lasky contends that the Democratic Senator from Connecticut is "the most consistent . . . critic of the nation's bipartisan postwar foreign policy." West Coast ABC radio-TV news commentator William Winter, on the other hand, finds "contradictions and inconsistencies within a period of only two or three years," although he would not quarrel with Mr. Lasky's opinion that the Senator is indeed both searching and outspoken.*

1. The Ends

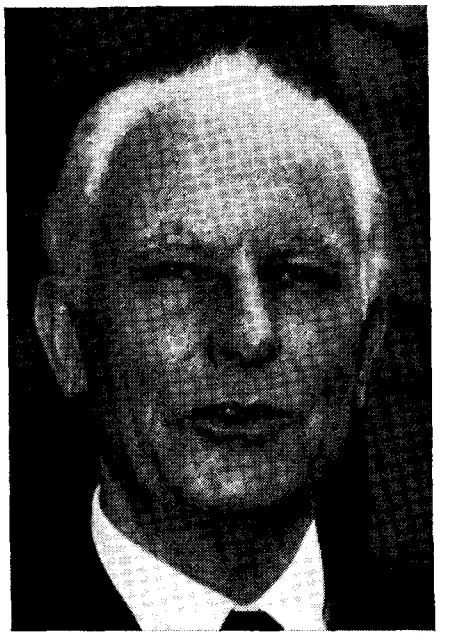
By VICTOR LASKY

THE PUBLICATION of "Freedom and Foreign Policy" stamps Senator Thomas J. Dodd as the most consistent, most searching, and most outspoken critic of the nation's bipartisan postwar foreign policy. No other Senator has addressed himself to the thorny problems of foreign policy so frequently and so exhaustively and with so unerring an instinct for the areas of major crisis. In terms of the scope of his interests and activities, the Senator has functioned almost as a one-man State Department. And, undoubtedly, the State Department—whether under Eisenhower or Kennedy—has occasionally resented the competition.

The book consists of the principal foreign policy statements made by Dodd since his election to the Senate from Connecticut just over three years ago. But it is not just another compilation of speeches, being remarkable for its integrity and continuity. It constitutes, in fact, a major treatise on foreign policy, which begins with a statement of national purpose, then examines our foreign policy failures one by one from the Hungarian Revolution to the Netherlands New Guinea crisis, and winds up with a proposal for overseas policies directly related to our tradition of freedom.

Says the Senator: "We cannot, we must not seek refuge in the ancient alibi of Cain, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' In the world of today we must observe the Biblical injunction to regard our neighbor's welfare as our own, because this basic moral attitude has become the price of our own freedom."

Few liberals could find fault with the ringing statement of national purpose in which the Senator warns against those extremists who "have tried to monopolize the mantle of Americanism." Indeed, few liberals could find serious fault with the Senator's over-all views on domestic issues, since the ADA has scored his voting record as 90 per cent "liberal." But there are critics who profess to see a contradiction between the Senator's domestic views and those on world affairs.



—*Wide World.*

Senator Dodd: "Communism is total evil."

The Senator is anti-Communist. He believes in freedom. His favorite quotation is from Thomas Jefferson; and, with the permission of the Supreme Court, here it is: "I have sworn upon the altar of Almighty God, eternal hostility to all forms of tyranny over the minds of men." This means all forms of tyranny—Fascism as well as Communism. (For his work as U.S. Executive Trial Counsel at the International Nuremberg War Trials of Nazi War Criminals, Senator Dodd received a Presidential Citation and the U.S. Medal of Freedom.)

Senator Dodd believes we must make freedom the prime goal of our foreign policy. He believes that we cannot "forget about the agony of the hundreds of millions of people enslaved by Communism." He believes that "we cannot defend freedom if we limit it to mean only our own freedom." He believes that "many of the problems we find so complex really have simple answers if we once recommit ourselves to moral principles." The Senator holds we must refuse to regard Communist victories as irreversible and, in line with this, he calls for a "total commitment to freedom."

As the Senator sees it, we have failed in situation after situation, under both Republican and Democratic Administrations, because we have refused to face up to the basic realities. Which are (1) that Communism plans—indeed, demands—the total destruction of freedom, and (2) that it is utterly without morality or human compassion. He is critical of our policy, or lack of policy, in Hungary, in the Congo, Cuba, British Guiana, West New Guinea, in Laos, and other pressure points. In criticizing the failings under Eisenhower, he sought carefully—and successfully—to rise above partisanship. Conversely, he has not permitted partisan considerations to still his voice when he has believed his own party was in error. Thus, he was among the first in Congress to raise his voice against the incredible spectacle of the U.S.-supported United Nations war against Moise Tshombe and his Katanga régime. For the U.S. to endorse the use of military means to destroy an anti-Communist regime in the Congo, particularly after an ignominious failure in Cuba, was—in the Senator's opinion—a tragedy.

U.S. failure to react positively in the Hungarian crisis, says Dodd, was th gravest policy lapse in the postwa period. In the light of the East German revolt, Poznan, and Tibet, he is convinced there will be more Budapests; and he urges this nation's key

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policymakers to devise serious plans so that we will not again be caught by surprise.

In fact, it is his hope that we take fuller advantage of troubles behind the iron and bamboo curtains.

In virtually every chapter, he outlines, sometimes in remarkable detail, a course of positive action which might have been followed—or which is still open to us—in the unfolding crises. For example, shortly after the Berlin wall, he proposed (1) the immediate suspension of all shipments of machine tools and industrial equipment to the Communist bloc; (2) a threat of a total trade embargo if the Reds persisted in provocations; (3) a "Truth Airlift" of newsmen from around the world to Berlin; (4) the recall of our Ambassadors from the satellite nations, and a warning of even more stringent diplomatic sanctions; and (5) raising the Berlin issue in the U.N.

All of these measures were open to us. None of them involved a risk of military confrontation. And Senator Dodd may well be right in believing that, had the Allies taken these measures in concert, the Soviets would have backed down.

Certainly the Senator's judgment has been proved correct time after time. Since the "Spirit of Geneva" in 1955, he has warned that summit conferences would be used by the Communists as soporifics and smoke screens to lull and blind the free world while they prepared new aggressions.

Those who have been urging a commitment to total victory in the cold war will find in "Freedom and Foreign Policy" a most persuasive presentation of their case. It is a book that, as Judge Simon H. Rifkind has said, "will surely compel the reader to rethink his views on American fundamentals."

2. *The Means*

By WILLIAM WINTER

FEW MEN enjoy having their public utterances recalled from the distant past because ideas change with time. In this collection of twenty-one speeches and articles we see contradictions and inconsistencies within a period of only two or three years.

That is the odd thing about Senator Dodd: just when you think you understand him he seems to go off in another direction. At times he is on the side of the angels, and then suddenly he pops up at the side of Marie Antoinette.

Normally, the Senator's logic is keen and penetrating. He is articulate, persuasive, liberal, and humanist—except on one subject, "Communism." There he loses touch with reality and drenches himself with frenzied passion that denies reason. Behold his all-too-familiar catechism (Chapter II):

> Communism is total evil. It is all black. There is nothing gray about it. There is nothing good about it. Its ends are evil. Its means to those ends are evil.
>
> If, by force of circumstance, Communists are for something right, it is only as an expedient to advance their evil ends.
>
> If they occasionally appear in a worthy light, it is because they must make some appeal to human needs and aspirations.
>
> When they educate the ignorant, it is to perfect their apparatus of enslavement.
>
> When they industrialize, it is to strengthen their capacity for aggression.
>
> When they talk peace, it is just another means of waging war. . . .
>
> There is no evil so appalling that Communists would shrink from it, if it would effectively advance their ends. There is no atrocity so hideous that they would not willingly commit it if it served their purposes.

Seldom does one find so polarized a diatribe of hate. It is the kind of hate one develops during a war: the enemy represents evil and we represent good, and if only we would destroy the evil enemy, then we the good, virtuous people would prevail and all would be well in the world. War enables people to relieve themselves of guilt and frustration and identify all that is unpleasant with the enemy. Senator Dodd is at war with Communism and wants us all to join him in hating.

But then Chapter XX tells us this: "The reigning idea of Christian civilization is love; the reigning idea of Communism is hate."

Perhaps it is not fair to expect logic and consistency from a man at war, because there is no logic in war, only passion. When the Senator can divorce himself from his almost religious fanaticism on that subject, he demonstrates commendable logic and clarity. He strikes out nobly against such blights on our society as anti-Semitism, race prejudice, juvenile delinquency, and crime; he abhors Nazism, denounces the Hitlerian barbarisms, and is a steadfast supporter of the United Nations (he spoke out vigorously for passage of the U.N. bond bill); he supports foreign aid, Alliance for Progress, and in general is a loyal Administration Democrat.

Chapter IV—"Our Missed Opportunities in Hungary"—is an example of a lucid and thoroughly factual argument against the Eisenhower Administration's condemnation of our friends while permitting the Russians to suppress the people's uprising in Hungary. In October 1956, British, French, and Israeli forces invaded Egypt; at the same time the Hungarian people revolted against their Soviet masters and installed Imre Nagy as their Prime Minister. That was the time, as the Senator wisely points out, for our government to have rushed to the support of Nagy, to urge the U.N. to send a mission to Budapest to make sure there would be no dirty work, and let the world know we stand beside the people and against imperialism.

History now tells us that had the Eisenhower Administration acted promptly in Hungary while there was still time and before the Russians double-crossed Imre Nagy and restored their power with a blood bath, there would have been simultaneous Titoist uprisings in Sofia, Bucharest, and Prague. The Russians would have been forced to dissipate their strength; the United Nations—and all the leading neutrals—would have stormed with indignation, and Soviet power would have been weakened either by the breakup of the Soviet empire in Eastern Europe or at least by some liberalization of the régimes in the satellites.

Instead, President Eisenhower ignored Hungary while he defended Nasser against our friends. Hungary became a *fait accompli*, and it was written out for all the world to see that Arab oil was more influential in Washington than Magyar blood.

Senator Dodd reaches heights of statesmanship when he deplores that missed opportunity when we should have supported Nagy. As everyone knows, Imre Nagy was a Communist, which suggests that the Senator opposes only the Soviet-empire variety of Communists and would support those who break away.

Yet he opposes aid to Tito—who is as far from the Soviet empire as any Communist leader can get—and Gomulka, whose people staged what the Poles like to call their October Revolution in 1957, and he opposes British Guiana's Cheddi Jagan because they are all "Communists."

Chapter XIV is a Senate speech reporting on a visit to the Congo last fall. This is welcome reading since the Senator had somehow been identified with Moise Tshombe's secession from the central government of Cyrille Adoula. If memory serves right, Senator Dodd, when he appeared on television with Dr. Schwartz's "Christian Anti-Communist Crusade," lauded Tshombe as "anti-Communist" and "pro-American." Now the Senator says:

(*Continued on page* 56)

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Super Tourist Diplomacy

-"Just Friends and Brave Enemies," by Robert F. Kennedy *(Harper & Row. 211 pp. $3.95), is the Attorney General's account of the trip he and his wife made around the world early this year. It is reviewed here by Fillmore Calhoun, who is a writer on international and national affairs.*

By FILLMORE CALHOUN

THE AWKWARD-SOUNDING title of this book is taken from a letter written by Thomas Jefferson to Andrew Jackson on December 3, 1806: "We must meet our duty and convince the world that we are just friends and brave enemies." It was sound advice then and, in the opinion of Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, it is of transcendent importance that we actually do something about it now.

This theme Mr. Kennedy pursues within the narrative framework of the one-month, semi-official, round-the-world trip on which he and his wife, Ethel, embarked from Washington February 1st. They were taking the New Frontier to faraway places, and they did so with the Kennedy clan's characteristic vigor. The two of them appear to have been up at dawn each day and either talking, singing, arguing, speech-making, wreath-laying, shopping, or traveling until past midnight.

The book that has popped out of these experiences was hastily written during the Attorney General's subsequent off-working hours and is not marked by any Jeffersonian prose style. It also shows the stitching in of tape-recorded interviews and official speeches, including a rousing Ernst Reuter Lecture at the Free University in Berlin. Yet it is well worth reading for the insight it gives into the present Administration's foreign policy and as a sort of super tourist guide for the swarms of Americans now traveling all over the face of the earth.

The Kennedys, of course, were not ordinary tourists. They went at the urging of Dr. Gunji Hosono, director of the Japan Institute of Foreign Affairs, with the blessing of the State Department and the cooperation of embassy staffs. Their first stop—after both were dunked in the Pacific off Hawaii when their sailboat capsized—was Japan. Here they rushed through meetings with government officials, businessmen, trade unionists, and students. They were not greeted with the same sort of anti-American demonstrations that postponed the Eisenhower trip to Japan in 1960, but they did have one riotous meeting with students at Waseda University. It was a give-and-take forum on U.S. attitudes and policies that got out of hand when the lights and the loudspeaker system went dead but was brought back under control by the students themselves. One of them concluded the meeting by leading in the singing of the school hymn, swinging his arms in such wide and grandiose gestures that he inadvertently whacked poor Ethel Kennedy smack in the pit of her stomach.

A resilient woman, Mrs. Kennedy recovered from this blow and went on to new experiences with her husband, who appears to have more than held his own in subsequent forums and debates with still other students. He talked to them whenever he could, refuting the old Communist dogma that J. P. Morgan still runs the entire U.S. economy. Shrewdly he noted that there is a vast reservoir of good will toward the U.S. and that tapping it through young students is one of the most effective ways of improving our "image." He states, for instance, that today there are some 75,000 university students in Indonesia as compared to only a few hundred at the time the Dutch ruled it.

VERBATIM accounts of what these students said—and the answers they got—are of definite value for any American traveling abroad, or for those staying home and wondering why some people don't like us. "Capitalism," as Mr. Kennedy points out, "is the dirty word of the Orient," and there remains a vast confusion about "Colonialism" as well. But we have a case to make and the arguments to refute the propaganda of organized minority groups.

The book also is valuable for its well-briefed appraisal of the basic problems facing the countries that the Kennedys visited, and it has some light moments as well—usually involving further adventures of Mrs. Kennedy. She went through a harrowing night in a Russian plane that could not get over the mountains to Bandung in Indonesia, was nearly dunked in a canal in Saigon, and had a wild ride on a Vespa that was given to her in Rome by news correspondents who went along on the trip.

Now it has been reported by the Seattle *Times* that she fell into a mountain stream while on a camping trip with her husband in the wilderness of the Olympic National Park. It seem only fitting then that the main dedication of the book (the profits of which go to university scholarships) should be "To Ethel—Ruth, 1: 16-17" ("Whither thou goest. . . .").

—From the book.

Robert Kennedy in Japan—the New Frontier in faraway places.

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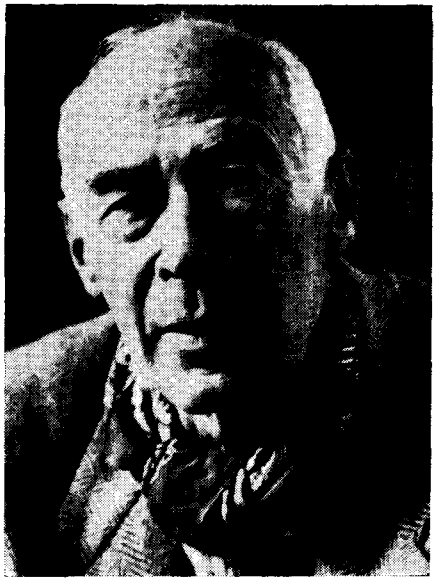
FICTION

Sledgehammer and Broadsword

"Tropic of Capricorn," by Henry Miller *(Grove. 348 pp. $7.50), records, with the author's customary invective and frank language, his youth in New York before he fled America for Paris. Hoke Norris, book columnist for the Chicago Sun-Times, edited "We Dissent," to be published in October.*

By HOKE NORRIS



Henry Miller—"passages that baffle."

HENRY MILLER has perhaps been done almost as much harm by some of his supporters as by his enemies. Karl Shapiro, for instance, called him "the greatest living author" at a time when Faulkner, Hemingway, and Camus were still living. Such praise (and, while extreme, it is not unique in tone and spirit) is absurd in its presumption, annoying to friendly but more moderate critics, and possibly embarrassing to Mr. Miller. And it certainly stirs up the natives who think Mr. Miller the most evil author who ever wrote a book, not even excepting de Sade.

Mr. Miller's enemies, on the other hand—the self-anointed keepers of other people's morals, the cops who invade bookstores and confiscate books, the judges who ignore the Supreme Court's clear definition of pornography—have at least increased the sales of his novels. This is of course the inevitable consequence of censorship, and while it may be unsettling for people to buy books for all the wrong reasons, it is heartening to see that, for once, a serious author is the beneficiary of a human perversity that all too often rewards only the fabricators of rubbish.

Among them—the vulgar who censor, the friends who damn with strong praise—they have succeeded in obscuring the question that should be at the center of any appraisal of an author's works: What is the quality of his art? Critics brawling among themselves about degrees of excellence generate more polemic than criticism, and the censors raise such fundamental questions of liberty and justice that artistic considerations seem, for the moment, almost irrelevant. Time is our only infallible literary critic, and can and should be trusted to select the greatest from among the merely good. But the censors must be dealt with now, even if literary discussion must be, deplorably, neglected until after the battle.

So far it's been quite a battle, one that could scare the wits out of any American who cherishes his liberties and recalls the excesses of tyrants. At one point, during the course of the controversy in Chicago, we seemed terribly close to the police state. Without warrants, without consulting legal or literary authority, even without a law to operate upon, some police in Chicago and its suburbs took the paperback "Tropic of Cancer" off shelves, "persuaded" or "advised" merchants not to sell it, and generally, without proper procedure, attempted to impose their literary tastes upon their communities. One cop who was active in this subversive campaign admitted later that he was not operating upon an ordinance or upon statutory law—he was directed, he said, by moral law. None of these officers, it seems, had read "Tropic of Cancer." They had glanced at a page here and there. And the procedure throughout the nation tended to be the same, in spirit if not in the extremes found in Cook County.

These extremes were halted by the decision of Superior Court Judge Samuel B. Epstein. He held that "Tropic of Cancer" was not pornographic; he restrained the cops from further interference with its sale, and pointed out the obvious—that it was not the function of the state to choose a people's literature; that the police power should never subvert parental authority in the selection of children's reading material. Elsewhere, the issue has gone against "Cancer" in some places and for it in others (most recently in Massachusetts). Almost everywhere, the censors concentrated their efforts upon "Cancer" and, for some reason, tended to ignore books almost totally lacking in literary merit but containing passages of blatant "erotic realism"—"The Carpetbaggers," for instance.

Why? Probably because the rubbish has nothing to say, exposes nothing but the authors' mediocrity, makes no comment whatever upon the sickness of the age; whereas the Miller novels lay about them with sledgehammer and broadsword upon the hypocrisy, cant, stupidity, cruelty, and tyranny to be found in our economic, political, religious, and social establishments. Mr. Miller attacks; perhaps he should expect counterattack.

"Tropic of Capricorn" was first published in Paris in 1939. It is obviously the story of Mr. Miller's life as a boy and as a young man in New York. "Tropic of Cancer," on the other hand, was published earlier but was based upon life in the Paris to which Mr. Miller fled to escape New York and America. But both are unmistakably Miller, in manner, style, content, and vigor; so much so that, in view of "Cancer's" recent history, one fears that the appearance of "Capricorn" may bring the censors out in force again.

They will find in "Capricorn" the same sort of passages that excited them in "Cancer." And the critic will find in "Capricorn," as he did in "Cancer," passages that baffle and bore him. In the midst of vitality and action, they are strangely static, even dull. Long stretches of prose inform us, say, that America is crass, but they fail to show its crassness. Though pyrotechnical, they are polemic to the point of ranting: they are empty of the drama of movement. Perhaps Mr. Miller knows his occasional failures (which are the occasional failures of all artists), for at one point in "Capricorn" he quotes Jacques Vaché: "Art ought to be something funny and a trifle boring."

And Mr. Miller is often funny. The erotic passages may seem disgusting and obscene, but they are also uproarious. (The seeker after erotica will no doubt be disappointed.) Mr. Miller's account of his early job with the "Cosmodemonic Telegraphic Company" is amusing in the same unbuttoned fashion, for all its serious comment upon industry and its unsettling ways. In fact, "Capricorn," like "Cancer," can be read as tragicomedy or as comic tragedy. It can also be read as the

(*Continued on page* 50)

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To "Have" and to Hold

AT THE heart of the cleavage today between the Soviet Union and Communist China is one central, powerful fact. The Soviet Union has become a "have" nation. China is a "have-not" nation. Quite apart from its implications inside the Communist world, this fact can have a profound bearing on the question of war and peace and on the tone and direction of American foreign policy.

Consider first the situation as it exists between the Soviet Union and Communist China. The substantial difference in the economic conditions of the two countries has led to sharply contrasting interpretations of Marx and Lenin. As a "have-not" nation, China finds verification for her difficulties in the austere beliefs of the Communist founding fathers. At a time of hunger and critical shortages, China derives substantial nourishment from the stark Marxian prophecies concerning the massive ordeal to be sustained before the world class struggle is resolved.

Mr. Khrushchev, however, judging from the debate as it has proceeded in the Soviet and Chinese press, finds no ideological excuses for China's present predicament. In fact, he has declared that the Chinese have insisted on pursuing measures that have long since proved to be unworkable according to Soviet experience. Rigid adherence to Marxist blueprints for operating communes and collective farms is not enough to make them work. Hence the need to loosen them up and relate them to the potentialities and needs of the people who have to work them. One specific evidence of such loosening-up procedures is the introduction of incentives—tangible, material, negotiable. For example, farmers who exceed their quotas are allowed to sell the surplus on the open market. Collective farmers also are given ownership of small plots of land to develop as they see fit. Factory workers receive steep bonuses if their plant surpasses its quota. Accumulation of private capital is legal. Savings banks pay interest. People of means are far from being the predominant group, but they exist nonetheless.

The Chinese Communist leaders look at all these developments as ideological blasphemy. They accuse the present Russian leaders of being Marxist "revisionists." Mr. Khrushchev counters with the cry of "dogmatists." These charges and countercharges are more than a matter of conflicting semantics over internal economic policy. They extend in every basic way to the relations of the Communist states with the rest of the world. As a "have-not" nation, Communist China feels that the Marxist view of capitalism is entirely correct in the present situation. Marx believed that war was inherent in the nature of capitalism. He saw forces set in motion under capitalism that could only lead to war. The Chinese Communist leaders accept this interpretation. If war comes, they expect to emerge from it in a better position than anyone else. Their economy is still largely agricultural. They have a surplus population. They have been widely quoted as saying that they could lose two or three hundred million people and still come out of a war the most populous nation in the world.

Contrasted to this is Mr. Khrushchev's position. He is the head now of a "have" nation. During his regime, many thousands of new housing projects, factories, and power installations have been built. Russian industry is now beginning to mass-produce motor cars. Soviet science and technology are seizing world leadership in the new age of space development and exploration. The idea that war is inevitable, if accepted, means that everything in the Soviet Union will probably be knocked down. He therefore rejects the Chinese notion of inevitability. He has declared that Marx had no way of anticipating the advent of nuclear energy and its implications.

For the United States, therefore, the fact that the Soviet Union is governed by a "have" psychology may be of prime importance. In fact, the United States finds itself confronted with one of the towering ironies of history in the present situation. For the greater the improvement in the living conditions of the Russian people, the greater the prospects for American security. To the extent that the Soviet leaders feel compelled to allocate more industrial capacity for consumer purposes—whether for clothes, cars, washing machines, or building materials—the economic status of the Soviet Union as a "have" nation will be strengthened, with a corresponding effect on the psychology of the Soviet people on the question of war and peace. The ancient political maxim —"if you want a people to be conservative, give them something to conserve"—applies perhaps to a greater extent in the Soviet Union today than ever before in history. The physical ease with which a crisis could escalate into an atomic war is the main fact of life in the modern world. Hence the need to develop almost superhuman restraint in situations involving a conflict of national interests. This restraint is likely to increase in direct proportion to the conviction that a nation has more to lose than it stands to gain in any nuclear adventure. Under these circumstances, good news on the economic level inside the Soviet Union is not necessarily bad news for the United States. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MORE PROBLEMS OF AUTOMATION

VANNEVAR BUSH, in his article "Automation's Awkward Age," chooses an awkward manner of sidestepping an obvious problem. If it is true, as he says, that "automation saves labor in production," then how can automation create jobs on "an overall basis" (as he also says)? If automation means utilizing machinery to replace men, then this means less men working in society as a whole; if it means more men working, then there is no cut in production costs within a given market, and management would be better off forgetting about the savings of machinery.

FRED M. FROHOCK.

Miami, Fla.

THE ARTICLE "Automation's Awkward Age" by Vannevar Bush [*SR*, Aug. 11] was indeed an optimistic one, and it is true that automobiles replaced buggies and in turn gave birth or stimulus to many industries —garages, rubber, spark plugs, highway construction, etc. I am not sure, however, that this was automation. Rather it seems more like one industry's replacing another.

The argument that technologically unemployed workers can find jobs elsewhere assumes that new industries are being created. Obviously, the machine-goods industry is already here (for from where would the machines have come?). Thus, by new industries, we refer both to the growing machines-goods industry as well as to the birth or growth of other industries. One such industry is, of course, the service industry, including recreation. The problem with many of these industries is that they use smaller amounts of labor than do some other industries. Thus we have the possibility that workers technologically unemployed in one group of industries might have to attempt to find jobs in new or growing industries that tend to be labor-saving or, at best, not particularly labor-intensive. If such is the case, unemployment will increase.

W. ROBERT BRAZELTON.
Department of Economics and Sociology,
Kansas State University.

Manhattan, Kan.

RHETORIC STILL STANDS SECURE

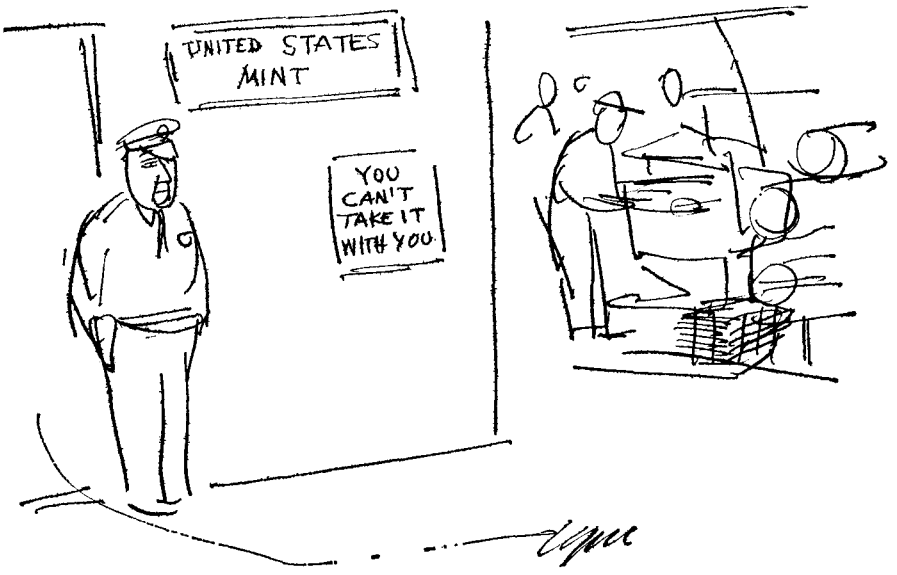
WHAT A RELIEF to learn in TRADE WINDS [*SR*, Aug. 11] that Jarvis is right! Thank goodness everything hasn't changed. I am sorry for Miss Grinnell, of course, but she will survive and be stronger, really, knowing that the foundations of rhetoric, at least, are firm and sure!

MRS. JOHN G. MOORE.

ort Worth, Tex.

A HIROSHIMA VISIT

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In 1955, SR initiated a project to bring to the United States for plastic surgery and therapy twenty-five young women from Hiroshima, Japan, who had suffered serious injuries from burns and radiation when the atomic bomb fell on their city. They were here more than a year and underwent some 150 operations, during which time they lived with American families. In the following letter, Myra Van Leer tells of her recent visit to the home of one of the girls in Japan. The girl, while in the United States, had lived with Mrs. Van Leer's daughter, Mrs. Malcom Campbell, and her family.*



IN JUNE I PAID A VISIT to Tazuko Shibata in Hiroshima. Tazuko is one of the Hiroshima maidens brought to the U.S. for medical treatment. Although she wore Western clothes when she was in the United States and usually wears them in her own country, she met me at the airport in a ceremonial kimono reserved for the greatest occasions. The elaborate, heavily embroidered kimono and the elaborate hair arrangement were in the old Japanese style she fell back on when, apparently, she felt the Western was inadequate.

She brought me to her mother's house where her mother, her brother, and his wife and children greeted me. Then we had a ceremonial tea—with hands in a triangular position and head touching the floor in a series of bows. After a scarcely touched thimbleful of tea, bean cakes, and the colorful sugar candies that indicate a great event, I was presented with a kimono amid the comings and goings of the neighbors.

This was also a big occasion for Honmachi, the working-class neighborhood where the family lives. The small house almost touched other small houses, the windows so close that the occupants of other houses could and did look boldly in. And then, attracted by what they saw, they came over. Many of them had never before seen an American woman and were talking about me. I asked Tazuko what they were saying and she translated their remarks about my gray hair and my straight back and vigorous health. (Women of my age in Japan are old and bent at fifty; since babies and loads of bricks, wood, etc., have curved their backs.) With speeches that Tazuko translated, members of the family gave me a Hakata doll, a calendar the sister valued, and a Noh mask the mother took from its place of honor on a shelf in the room. And they gave me flower seeds and a cotton tablecloth and Zori shoes and yukata (house kimonos) the mother made for my daughter's children. A photographer came to take carefully posed pictures of us, me in my kimono and one after another of us sitting on the straight chair, surrounded by the group.

Tazuko was anxious to show me the place in Hiroshima where she had taken refuge in a ditch when the bomb had fallen, but I preferred not to go into the Memorial Building with its war mementos and the names of victims, among them Tazuko's brother and sister. Outside the building in a garden is a Memorial fountain, and close to it I noticed the only bit of litter I saw anywhere, a face-up, empty carton of Peace cigarettes, Japan's favorite brand. Now that, I thought, would be criticized as too contrived if it were put in a story. And I wondered, too, if an American mother would receive with open arms and deep affection the killers of two of her children.

Wearing Western dress again, Tazuko brought me back to the airport for my return to Osaka and Tokyo. Following the Japanese custom, I carried my gifts in a cloth knotted at four ends.

MYRA MAY VAN LEER.

Glen Ridge, N.J.

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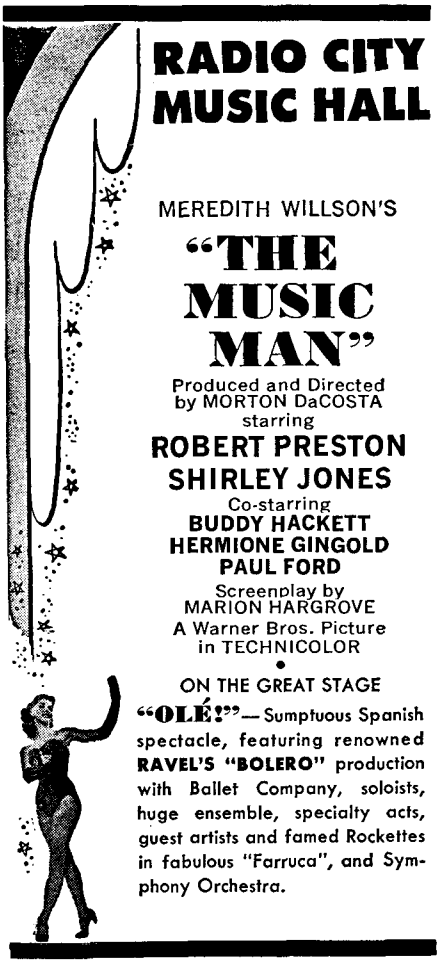

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Saddest Word

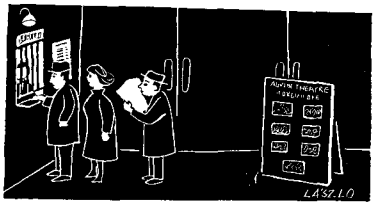
JUST ten years ago, M-G-M released what still remains one of the very best Hollywood films on Hollywood, "The Bad and the Beautiful." In the interval, of course, Hollywood has quietly stopped being Hollywood. The glamour has ebbed away, production has all but disappeared, and the once-powerful studios have been transformed into releasing organizations that provide financing, facilities, and distribution to their satellite independents. Indeed, the egomaniacal heel-hero of "The Bad and the Beautiful" would probably be clawing his way into television today. The hardened arteries of Hollywood are not particularly receptive to new blood.

"**Two Weeks in Another Town,**" based on Irwin Shaw's novel, is a new film about the movies that takes sober note of this situation. The "other town" is Rome, where an Italo-American coproduction is under way—a penny-pinching, coldly calculated affair that is being ineptly directed by a frightened has-been. Of glamour, there is none: The Italian producer is far too intent upon coming in on time and on budget to be concerned with glamour, much less art. Films for him are a business, with slide rules and international deals determining his profit margin regardless of the merits of his picture. And while his director (tellingly played by Edward G. Robinson) grinds out the footage to the best of his dwindling ability, even he knows that his work can be taken away from him at any time and completed by other, unsympathetic hands.

All of this might have been background for a picture as fascinating and electric as "The Bad and the Beautiful." It should have been, in fact, since the main talents involved in the two are identical: Both had John Houseman as producer, Vincente Minnelli as director, Charles Schnee on script, David Raksin's music, and Kirk Douglas as star. But somewhere along the line, "Two Weeks" turns sour—perhaps because its foreground activity, which concerns the efforts of a former star to catch up with his career after three years in a mental hospital, neither matches nor merges with the background excitement of making a movie. Perhaps the problem is that everything has been pitched for melodrama, robbing the characters and their relationships of all semblance of validity.

Whatever the reason, I found myself gleaning the film for an occasional scene, a bright line, an interesting performance. Robinson introduces his wife as "my lawful, wedded nightmare," and the line holds. Kirk Douglas, the actor with problems, takes over the direction of the movie-within-a-movie, and for a few moments the entire picture comes to life. Dahlia Lavi, a fresh Italian beauty; Erich von Stroheim, Jr., as suave and imperturbable as his father; George Hamilton, effective in a brief role as a beatnik actor—all of these help. So does David Raksin's music, with its intriguing variations on the sinewy, insinuating theme that he wrote originally for "The Bad and the Beautiful." Unfortunately, both this and the extended excerpts from the earlier film serve mainly to remind us how much better "Two Weeks" might have been.

The same sort of speculation persists after seeing "**Guns of Darkness,**" a British-made picture with the kind of international cast that seems almost mandatory these days: Leslie Caron, David Niven, David Opatoshu, James Robertson Justice. Starting with a Castro-like revolution in a (fictitious) Latin-American country, where the President is bloodily deposed by a bearded Colonel, and where the reper-



cussions are felt primarily by the representatives of a British plantation company, it promises to be an essay on the sharply contemporary problem of nationalism vs. colonialism. When the wounded President (Opatoshu) elicits the aid of the plantation's apolitical public relations man (Niven), it raises questions of commitment in our world today. And when, in the course of their flight from Tribulacion, Opatoshu attempts to strangle a child and Niven is forced to murder a sentry, we are faced with the ageless question of means and ends.

Curiously, nothing is developed along any of these pregnant lines. Instead, the film promptly degenerates into simple-minded chase during which the character motivations become increasingly more obscure—along with the reasons for making the picture in the first place. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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A "New" Season

A QUICK glance at the fall schedule reveals an unusually high proportion of "new" playwrights, adapters, and composers making their Broadway debuts. Whether this represents the hopeful stir of genuine creativity, or whether producers are merely grabbing at substandard material to fill a void left by writers who are either too discouraged or too rich remains to be seen.

Recent history indicates that the most dubious entries are the first plays of untried writers, which tend to be shallow comedies or suspense dramas written only for profit. More promising are works by writers like Edward Albee, Elaine May, and Lipton and Berkowitz who have already had Off-Broadway experience. In the same category are Jack Richardson's "Lorenzo" and Rick Besoyan's "The Student Gypsy or The Prince of Liederkranz," which come to Broadway after the first of the year. Arthur Kopit, last season's most promising new playwright, has chosen to remain Off-Broadway with "Asylum," two related one-act plays.

Surer still are apt to be the plays and musicals imported from abroad, where they were established successes. One is delighted, for instance, with the prospect of seeing Margaret Leighton as the jilted alcoholic wife in Francois Billetdoux's "Tchin-Tchin," and one crosses one's fingers in the hope that Anthony Quinn will achieve the tender and magical rapport required from her partner. Another import, "Beyond the Fringe," is vital and clever work by four swinging young Englishmen, and "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off" tells in a remarkable way the sad and funny predicament of today's purposelessly successful generation. Scheduled for December is "Oliver," which relates with pleasant music, a story suitable for children.

Of the writers whose work has previously been seen on Broadway, the most eagerly awaited of course is Irving Berlin. But Jean Anouilh's "The Rehearsal," Lillian Hellman's adaptation of Burt Blechman's novel "How Much?," and an as yet untitled musical by Richard Rodgers and Alan Jay Lerner constitute solid later entries. Indefinite but probable are Tennessee Williams's "The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Any More" and William Inge's "Natural Affection." And Sir John Gielgud will bring his highly praised "The School for Scandal" here in January.

—HENRY HEWES.

	TITLE AND AUTHOR	TENTATIVE CAST	OPENING
NEW	COME ON STRONG, Garson Kanin (comedy)	Van Johnson, Carol Baker, Patti Karr, True Ellison	Thurs., Oct. 4 Morosco
	BANDEROL, Dore Schary	Ed Begley, Betty Field, Ann Harding	Tues., Oct. 9 Music Box
	WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF, Edward Albee	Uta Hagen, George Grizzard	Sat., Oct. 13 Billy Rose
	STEP ON A CRACK, Bernard Evslin	Nancy Kelly, Gary Merrill, Donald Madden	Wed., Oct. 17 Barrymore
	THE FUN COUPLE, Neil Janson, John Haase (comedy)	Jane Fonda, Bradford Dillman, David Hurst	Mon., Oct. 22 Lyceum
	NIGHT LIFE, Sidney Kingsley	Neville Brand	Tues., Oct. 23 Atkinson
	THE PERFECT SET-UP, Jack Sher (comedy)	Gene Barry, Angie Dickinson, Jan Sterling	Wed., Oct. 24 Cort
	A MATTER OF POSITION, Elaine May (comedy)	Mike Nichols, John McMartin, Bea Arthur	Thurs., Oct. 25 Booth
	GOD BLESS OUR BANK, Mac Benoff (comedy)	Ann Sothern	Tues., Nov. 27
	HAROLD, Herman Raucher	Anthony Perkins	Thurs.,Nov. 29 Longacre
	WHAT'S COOKING?, Ruth Gordon (comedy)	Ruth Gordon	Tues., Dec. 11
	IN THE COUNTING HOUSE, Leslie Weiner	Sydney Chaplin, Kay Medford, Howard DaSilva	Wed., Dec. 13 Biltmore
	And A TOY FOR THE CLOWNS and WRETCHED THE LIONHEARTED, Gene Feist (Sept. 12-East End); THE DAYS AND NIGHTS OF BEEBEE FENSTERMAKER, William Snyder (Sept. 17-Sheridan Square); MRS. DALLY HAS A LOVER and WHISPER INTO MY GOOD EAR, William Hanley (Oct. 1-Cherry Lane); ANGELS OF ANDARKO, Duke Marks, Herman Goldberg (Oct. 10-York)		
BOOKS	THE AFFAIR, Ronald Millar, from C. P. Snow novel	Brewster Mason, Brenda Vaccaro, Donald Moffat	Thurs., Sept. 20 Henry Miller
	SEIDMAN AND SON, Elick Moll, from own novel	Sam Levene, Nancy Wickwire, Morgan Sterne	Mon., Oct. 15 Belasco
	LORD PENGO, S. N. Behrman, from "Duveen" profile	Charles Boyer, Agnes Moorehead	Mon., Nov. 19 Royale
	THE BEAUTY PART, S. J. Perelman, from own pieces	Bert Lahr	Wed., Dec. 26
IMPORT	MAN IS MAN, Bertolt Brecht (Tr.: Gerhard Nellhaus)	Josef Chaikin, Judith Malina, Warren Finnerty	Thurs., Sept. 6 Living Theatre
	A MAN IS A MAN, Bertolt Brecht (Tr.: Eric Bentley)	Clifton James, Vivian Nathan, John Heffernan	Mon., Sept. 10 Masque
	TCHIN-TCHIN, Francois Billetdoux (ad: Sid Michaels)	Margaret Leighton, Anthony Quinn	Thurs., Oct. 18 Plymouth
	A CALCULATED RISK, Joseph Hayes from play "Any Other Business"	Joseph Cotten, Patricia Medina	Wed., Oct. 31 Ambassador
	THE DUMBWAITER and THE COLLECTION, Harold Pinter	Dana Elcar	Thurs., Nov. 15 East 11th St.
	And musicals: OLIVER, STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF, BEYOND THE FRINGE (See below)		
MUSICAL	CUT LOOSE (revue), Eric Bentley and others	Pete Seeger, Nipsy Russell, Charlotte Rae	Fri., Sept. 17 John Golden
	STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF, Leslie Bricusse, Anthony Newley	Anthony Newley, Anna Quayle	Wed., Oct. 3 Shubert
	MR. PRESIDENT, Lindsay & Crouse, Irving Berlin	Robert Ryan, Nanette Fabray, Anita Gillette	Sat., Oct. 20 St. James
	BEYOND THE FRINGE (four-man show written by the individual performers themselves)	Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller	Sat., Oct. 27 John Golden
	NOWHERE TO GO BUT UP, James Lipton, Sol Berkowitz	Tom Bosley, Martin Balsam, Dorothy Loudon	Sat., Nov. 10 Winter Garden
	LITTLE ME, Neil Simon, from Patrick Dennis's "The Autobiography of Belle Poitrine"	Sid Caesar, Virginia Martin, Mort Marshall, Nancy Cushman, Joey Faye	Sat., Nov. 17 Lunt-Fontanne
	OLIVER, Lionel Bart, from Dickens's "Oliver Twist"	Clive Revill, Bruce Prochnik, Georgia Brown	Thurs., Dec. 27
	CAPTAIN ISABELLE, Franklin Lacy	Beatrice Lillie	Fri., Dec. 28
	And THE MIKADO, THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE, IOLANTE, THE GONDOLIERS, D'Oyly Carte Opera Co. (Nov. 13-Dec.9-City Center)		

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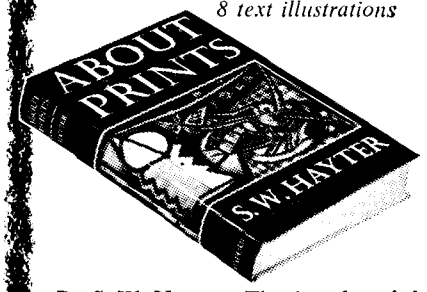

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The Happy Economis

"A HAPPY nation, a happy people, is one whose progress is greater than its problem. If that is a true measure we might agree that we are, if not a completely happy people, a good deal more fortunate than most." This tranquilizing bromide was delivered by David Schoenbrun, news correspondent, at the conclusion of "Money Talks," a recent CBS Television Network five-part lecture series on economics.

Mr. Schoenbrun was signing off Professor John R. Coleman, the series lecturer, who teaches economics at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. He drove home Professor Coleman's economic solution to our national problems with: "The best way forward is to seek greater and greater growth. If everyone is working and profiting from production, our problems will tend to become minor irritations rather than social cataclysms. The political thinking designed to meet economic challenges is: make the pie bigger for everyone." It was a comforting end to a bland lecture course, which could have been titled: "Watch Mr. Wizard of Economics."

Professor Coleman in his five essays had talked amiably of goods and services, gold, world trade, prices, monopoly, and the need for clearing the business-government climate of fear, doubt, and suspicion. With the help of abundant visual aids, the lecturer, moving dutifully on cue about a roomy stage, had set out to explore "What's happening to us? Why? Where are we going?," and had come up with gross national product as the measuring stick of national goals and performance. "In our society," he said, "we think of consumption as being the end purpose."

The lecturer is Dean-Elect of the Division of Humanities and Social Sciences at Carnegie Tech. Thus one would expect a humanist's questioning, if not outright challenge, of such a value judgment. But the sentence, in its context, came over as if the professor heartily subscribed to the value. In general, his five lectures were clear, conventional, middle-of-the-road, and dull.

The whole thing might have passed me by as a laudable, uninspired public service try in a difficult subject area had I not been halfway through "Of Time, Work, and Leisure," by Sebastian de Grazia, the recent engrossing Twentieth Century Fund volume which grew out of a study of leisure in the United States, and finally became "a critique of advanced industrialism as it exists in the U.S. today." Professor de Grazia is a political scientist and philosopher and teaches at Rutgers University; in his scholarly, stimulating study of the way we live in a GNP society, he touches much of the same ground that Professor Coleman covered in his television lectures.

Professor Coleman's television lectures on "Money Talks" proposed to relate economic theory to the realities of everyday life. Yet those realities are not the same ones seen by the Rutgers political scientist. He sees the "work ethos" as having suffered a great fracture: "A great shifting of substrata is going on, a whole pattern of duties and pleasures seeking to come to rest on something new. Work and time's displacement will bring a fresh inclination."

The present, the author maintains, is an expansionist time for us: there is no place for true leisure, which he defines not as "free time" but as the creative, inquiring activity of the mind. Nevertheless, he writes, "at a certain time expansion may stop. People no longer have a sense of great national purpose or destiny. They straighten up their backs from work and begin to ask why they should work, who they are, what their country is, and where it is going."

Is the television economist or the political scientist right? Are we headed for a greater growth rate—work and spend to the end—or for a renunciation of the commodity mentality? Whoever is right, it is an important controversy and should be aired. How, then, could "Money Talks" have addressed the public in tones of authority and clarification and neglected even to mention the growing body of social analysis which impressively challenges the goals of our economic behavior?

Professor Coleman is associated with a number of educational associations in his Learning Resources Institute and "College of the Air" activities on CBS. Several of them are organizations dedicated particularly to education of the public in economics, but the approach in "Money Talks" was old-hat economics. "The man invented by the economists has disappeared," writes Professor de Grazia: "*Homo politicus* is bored with precinct politics; the consumer, alone in the furrow scratched by advertising and its allies, noses ahead."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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The July People

IT IS not altogether clear to me who was pushing the buttons in the nation's communications media this summer, for when I arrived in Truro, Massachusetts, a small town near the end of Cape Cod, just as the season began, most of the nation's communicators, it seemed to me, were in established residence. How they had all found this one place, or, indeed, how I had fallen among them, remains clouded to me, for, as the jocular folk up there like to say, Truro is a settlement which one could easily miss by lighting a cigarette at the moment when one's car came abreast of it. Commercially, it has a general store and gas station operated by a man with the improbable name of Joseph Schoonejongen, a tiny grocery run by a lady with the probable name of Mary Howard, a post office which doesn't deliver mail, a liquor store which is alone and aloof on the main highway, a lunch counter that features hand-cut doughnuts (machine-cut doughnuts are considered *de trop*), and an excellent restaurant called the Blacksmith Shop which could scarcely exude a more starched air of independence were it Le Grand Véfour.

The Blacksmith Shop will take no reservations, will not permit its customers to call up and order in advance, and plays no favorites. On the other hand it is meticulous and concise with those who only stand and wait. "Considering the speed of the waitress," said its owner one night while consulting his watch and trying to give me an estimated time when he could seat me, "and taking into consideration the eating habits of the people now at the table which I have in mind, you should have to wait no longer than twelve minutes." Next to my name he wrote "7:18." At 7:18 we were seated and ordering from the menu, which never changes in selection or quality.

Although Truro's business center is not exactly a miracle mile, anyone who rides along the Mid-Cape Highway after dark can scarcely miss the two white colonial towers, the heart of architectural Truro, which are bathed in floodlights and which belong to the Congregational Church and the Town Hall. Finding them in the daylight amid the scrub pines that make a jungle of the hill is something else again, as any summer visitor seeking the Town Hall to purchase a clam-digging license will attest.

Despite the limitations of its great white way, Truro's narrow neck between Cape Cod Bay on its west shore and the Atlantic on its east is honeycombed with houses which are the property of absentee owners who rent them to city people in the summer. Many of these abodes, which are largely made of shingle and Nabiscos with hear-through walls, were occupied at the time of my stay in Truro by various staff members of *Time*, the weekly newsmagazine, which I would judge was, for July anyway, operating on a skeleton staff. Among those on hand were Ted Kalem, *Time*'s drama editor; Cranston Jones, a senior editor; Frank Shea, the assistant to the publisher; and Richard Clurman, chief of its correspondents. Harold Field of Life Books was ensconced in a home owned by Charles Tudor, an art consultant of Time, Inc., thereby executing a Lucean parlay.

Arthur Kober, the Boswell of the Bronx, arrived just after the season opened, and both E. J. Kahn, Jr., of the *New Yorker*, and Lee Falk, who writes the scripts of Mandrake the Magician and the Phantom, were occupying their own houses. Kevin McCarthy, the actor, whose sister Mary spent many summers here when she was married to Edmund Wilson, had a house with a tennis court, an appendage that frequently attracted Arthur Schlesinger, the movie critic of *Show*, and an active tennist, whose place was in Wellfleet. While outnumbered, television was at least represented by Palmer Williams of CBS, and Shad Northshield, an NBC producer, whose base was in Wellfleet but who shortly found himself commuting to the forum of the colony located on the sands at Ballston Beach.

A part of the Great Beach which was named and trod by Henry Thoreau, one of the early communicators to discover the area, Ballston is shadowed by tall dunes and rimmed by a string of ancient deep-gray summer houses which are owned by the Lucy Osborn Ball Trust, whose property stretches for two miles along the sand. A local lawyer named Osborn Ball, who, with his fringe of white hair, portly stature, and jolly air, rather resembles a displaced comedy monk in a film about Lower California, administers the trust and rents the houses. As a hobby he maintains a daily display of foreign flags which he runs up as fancy strikes him, leaving the uninitiated to assume that the Pakistani Prime Minister is in residence one day, and the Queen of the Netherlands on the next. Ball's hobby began with his father who, for lack of company in Truro's early days, would dip his flags to passing ships. When Osborn Ball took over he was engaged by the Boston Chamber of Commerce to signal the incoming ships with flags and then report their positions and the winds by telegraph to the city. Since the Cape Cod canal was dug, there is

—Gregor from Monkmeyer.

Clamming—"not dissuaded by coming upon four inches of a biting sea worm. . . ."

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nobody to signal and Ball's flag waving has lapsed into a hobby.

Ball is both awe-struck and proud that the houses at Ballston's brink have been there since 1891, although they have, with some prudence, been moved back seven times as the sand eroded. Only once was one washed out to sea, and that happened after the summer was over. By chance the resident had stored some left-over barrels of molasses and flour in the place. These, when wetted down by the sea water, made a formidable paste. The inside had to be done over when the house finally floated back to shore, but its condition was otherwise intact, a tribute either to its sturdy construction or to the amalgam with which it had been accidentally sealed, Mr. Ball doesn't know which.

Other than off the Great Beach, which bathers share with striped-bass and flounder fishermen, who cast their long poles from the sand shores, there is swimming in the many ponds that splatter the landscape in South Truro. at Depot Beach along the edge of Pamet Harbor where a narrow river called the Pamet empties into Cape Cod Bay, and at Corn Hill Beach named for the place where the Pilgrims found a cache of Indian corn and appropriated it. All the corn we now eat is said to have descended from the Pilgrim's adventure at Corn Hill. The Pilgrims also had their first drink of New World water at Truro, spent their second night on dry land in North Truro, and were said to have been so taken with its healthful and defensive location that they almost settled here. But for the vote of a few who had heard of a larger harbor to the west, Truro would have been Plymouth.

ALTHOUGH the nuance may not be apparent to the passer-by, there is a difference of caste between the casual part-time visitor to Truro and the regular full-term summer resident. One who merely comes in July might be referred to as a "July person." You can't tell about the July person for he is just liable to go up to Provincetown, that Bohemian nest eleven miles away, and even have a good time. The partisan Truroite would no more make the journey to Provincetown than would the denizens of New York's El Morocco and 21 circuit consider spending the weekend at Coney Island. A July person might think nothing of swimming in the Truro ponds where there is no surf, or for that matter off Depot Beach bordering Pamet Harbor, named for a defunct railroad whose disused trestle is still in place, and makes a dandy diving platform. The July person might consider the Atlantic at this location too cold for the comfort of anyone less than a permanent resident of Baffin Land. Once this summer, I noticed one bather take the water temperature before deciding it was, at sixty-two degrees, dandy for a flounder or a regular resident, but much too congealing for the pampered tastes of a July person. A true Truroite simply doesn't swim at Depot Beach, which he considers the proper place to go sailing or clamming. Clamming, incidentally, is limited to Saturdays, when at low tide the flats are covered with bodies on their knees, the view of the proceedings resembling nothing so much as a group of the disoriented faithful paying obeisance to Mecca with no one knowing for sure where it is. Since the town of Truro exacts a dollar a season for the right to go clamming, it is required to enforce the law to keep out the unlicensed. This year the flats were patrolled by a Shellfish Warden, a man with a drooping moustache and an eagle eye who slopped over the muddy wastelands demanding to see the papers of the clam diggers, most of whom had arrived in bathing suits. It was also his duty to check on the size of the clams, for no digger is permitted to take a clam which can slip lengthwise through a ring supplied by the license clerk at Town Hall. The rules laid down by the Board of Selectmen provide that no eels, softshell clams, sea clams, razor fish, oysters, sea worms, or scallops be taken without a permit. Rule No. 6 provides that "no eels shall be taken within said town by use of a fyke unless a special permit there for shall first be obtained." No one can take more than a ten-quart bucket of clams, or an eight-quart bucket of quahogs, and then on Saturday only. No one may dig or carry away a shellfish between one-half hour after sunset and one-half hour before sunrise by any method from any flat or creek in town. While clamming can be dirty work, and is done best by hand, a true Truroite would no more think of clamming with gloves on than he would of swimming at Depot Beach. Good barehanded clammers who are not dissuaded by coming upon four inches of a biting sea worm now and then can collect a full bucket of clams, the legal limit, in a few hours time. Washed, steamed, and dipped in butter, they make a great delicacy that can scarcely be equalled by restaurants who have to fetch steamers considerable distances.

There is no legal limit on sea clams, which are larger and tougher, but most true Truroites insist that sea clams can only be properly dug during the period of the full moon and, at that, only during the hours of early dawn. Expeditions are mounted with great ceremony at half-past five in the morning; one who is invited to join such a safari may well consider himself to have been socially accepted. It surprises me that Canadian Club has not added it to its pictorial adventures in eighty-seven lands.

Fishing, a spirited endeavor here, cuts across social lines. Neither a flounder nor a fluke, nor a trout caught perchance in the Pamet River, counts among fishing types. The only true fish is a striped bass. Stripers are caught on long rods which are cast into the Atlantic at Ballston Beach or into Cape Cod Bay off Corn Hill Beach or at the inlet at the mouth of Pamet Harbor. Sea worms, which are flown here from Maine and sold at 75 cents per dozen, or sand eels, which are cheaper and apparently not quite as attractive to the bass, are the principal forms of bait, although fancy artificial lures are also used. This has been widely advertised as the best striped-bass season in twenty-two years, but I must say that as a rank, but eager amateur, I seem to have been at the inlet with sand eels when

(*Continued on page 57*)

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Saturday Review | A SPECIAL SECTION

ART IN AMERICA IN 1962

A BALANCE SHEET

By KATHARINE KUH

RECENTLY an American painter forced automobile tires to substitute for his brush, resolutely driving back and forth over his canvas. More disheartening than this contrived act was the prominence given to it by a popular magazine that prides itself on cultural awareness. Another painter who presumably values expediency over privacy has been widely publicized for an equally novel, if less mechanical, technique. He covers a nude woman with paint and, this time, it is her body —not an automobile—that rolls over the canvas.

Innovations catch on overnight. There is now a sudden enthusiasm for so-called comic-strip paintings. Usually devoid of invention, these overlarge copies (and *copies* they are) literally reproduce and enlarge familiar comic-strip scenes. Touted as the new American folk art, they are selling with breathless speed. When one thinks of Léger's authentic use of folk art, his ability to transform it into new, often bold and witty compositions, one realizes that without deliberate translation art cannot exist.

Somewhat less exhibitionistic than these chic novelties, but no less tedious are the innumerable empty canvases covered with only one color. More than forty years ago the Russian, Kasimir Malevich, painted his famous "Suprematist Composition: White on White," proving that much can be done with little and making the current "one-color men" seem awkwardly dated; for as yet they have added little or nothing to his definitive statement.

Today, any technique accented by a single easily labeled characteristic is apt to be speedily and enthusiastically acclaimed. Why seasoned collectors are so willingly snared is a provocative question. Surely they must realize that great discoveries scarcely spring full-blown from every hopeful neophyte. However, it is not experimentation I am deploring; it is the *lack* of it, the shallow imitation of invention.

The influence of publicity became exceptionally clear recently when a reputable national art organization admitted that its top executive job demanded promotional experience more than a knowledge of art. Also symptomatic is the number of private collectors who maintain personal public relations counsels. One might expect that those whose fortunes do not depend on popularity polls would be the last to expose themselves to public glare. But now, as the

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possession of art becomes a more and more reliable passport to social success, it is only the very innocent who fail to recognize its power. Our museums and even the White House tend to encourage this situation in their zeal for private support.

Press releases from commercial art galleries and public institutions pour over the reviewer's desk, the prose sometimes more lurid than lucid. A few random samples of modern publicity are revealing: "[This exhibit] presents an artist, not yet thirty, who has found an individual and highly sophisticated style. . . . The 'sergeant's stripe' is his *leit motif*. . . ." "Also included in the exhibition is [an artist] highly regarded for his experimental work using a virtuoso technique that combines plastics with such extraneous materials as old tuxedos, cardboard, sand, steel, and wood." "The use of a new set of tools was employed: wide smearing slashing tools, squeegees, licence plates, saws, hand and arm up to the elbow, a unique collection of brushes, spatulas, shovels, balloons, snow, etc. Painting in the dark for greater subconscious action was also employed." And one last example: "[The artist] creates 'spacial worlds' using unusual materials such as drinking straws, calendar tubes, and pipe cleaners. 'The essence of creation is inevitability' states this artist. . . ." If these quotations do nothing else, they at least underline our present-day emphasis on methods and materials to the near exclusion of content and meaning.

There was a time early in this century when it was valid to startle the observer into recognizing unexpected beauty in humble discarded objects. Then it was chiefly an antimaterialistic attitude, a rebellion against accepted external values that drove artists to find meaning in the most modest human experiences. Now it is more often the reverse, any gimmick or gadget becoming an end in itself and not necessarily a means to new insights.

As for purple prose, even the most ebullient press releases cannot hope to compete with the magazine *Art News*, where an entrenched obscurantism buries the simplest ideas under a barrage of occult words. To understand what some of these writers are saying demands a "pony" that doesn't exist. Very clear, however, are the words of a new art publication which pays unabashed homage to commercialism in the arts.

Called *The Art Market Guide & Forecaster*, this monthly letter frankly reduces artists to the status of stocks and bonds, rating them only as viable financial commodities. In one of its first communications, the *Guide* observed that "the art market as a whole has gained 975 per cent since the war—versus only 241 per cent for the stock market! The coming market year

—*Leo Castelli Gallery.*

"The Engagement Ring," by Roy Lichtenstein.

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"The Three Musicians," by Fernand Léger. —*Museum of Modern Art.*

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should see the breaking of many standing records, such as the 19,000,000 per cent gain thus far computed for—not Rembrandt but Vermeer!" It might be well to recall here that Vermeer's known works add up to no more than forty paintings, none of which, to my knowledge, is likely to appear on the open market, a fact blithely omitted by *The Art Market Guide & Forecaster.*

OTHER statements are equally ambiguous. "The Art Market Guide Averages provide for the Art Market a continuing price-trend as indispensable as the Dow-Jones Averages are to the stock market. . . . *[The Guide]* will include clear guidance on which art investments are gilt edge, blue chip, speculative." And yet this omniscient sheet, in listing artists in terms of percentage gains or losses, overlooks the fact that incorrect attributions at auction sales and elsewhere are sometimes the reason for unexpectedly low prices. An artist's reputation has not necessarily plunged because wary buyers avoid bidding on doubtful labels. Physical condition likewise determines price, the degree to which a work has been damaged or restored affecting its value.

Notwithstanding all the subtle factors that contribute to an understanding of art, *The Guide* promises that "an investor or collector who dispassionately combines LOGIC with FACTS can make profits of fantastic size," a statement open to wide divergence of opinion. It is precisely because logic and facts are meaningless in art without intuition, passion, long experience, knowledge, and that most elusive of all qualities, a sensitive eye, that *The Art Guide* becomes not merely a cynical oddity but a dangerously misleading cicerone.

The fact is, however, that no discussion of the fine arts is possible today without mention of the fantastic prices that paintings and sculpture are bringing at auction—and without equal mention of the fantastic antics surrounding these events. We seem to have read more about Mr. James Rorimer's slight twitch of the eyebrow, when as director of the Metropolitan Museum he acquired Rembrandt's "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer" (see cover) at the Parke-Bernet sale, than we have read about the picture itself. No one denies that this is a splendid painting, but the publicity accompanying its purchase focused on price almost to the exclusion of art. The gigantic figure of $2,300,000 was used, it would seem, as bait to lure thousands of curious visitors. If one assumes that mere exposure to a work of art is enough, then these methods are less open to debate, but I question whether the throngs pouring into the Metropolitan for a hectic look at a costly painting have taken much of value away with them.

The majority, I am sure, did not know that for many years two equally distinguished, possibly more distinguished, examples of Rembrandt's work have been hanging only a few blocks away at the Frick Collection. These, the brilliant "Polish Rider" (see page G) and the moving "Self-Portrait," (see page I) make one doubt whether New York needed another masterpiece by this artist as much as did the underbidder, Cleveland's Museum of Art (particularly since the Metropolitan already has some thirty examples). The entire transaction brings up any number of questions. Should American public-service institutions be pitted against one another in ruthless competition? Isn't the final loser the public? For even though most of our museums are privately endowed, they presumably serve public needs and constantly appeal to this same public for financial help.

A further sign of the capitulation of museums to price-glamor publicity appeared recently in a newspaper item about a rare Tiepolo painting. This time the story came from that stronghold of conservatism, Boston. To quote, "The most expensive painting ever bought by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts went on display today in the museum's Rotunda. . . . Perry T. Rathbone, museum director, said the museum had insured the work for about $250,000. He did not reveal the purchase price, but said it was the highest ever paid by the museum."

In the past, museums were proud of acquiring great masterpieces for little money; it took knowledge, a nimble eye, and a poker face. But now, bowing to the press, museum eyes seem more geared to Wall Street than to esthetics. It is scarcely surprising that art thefts are frequent and prices steeply inflated.

Willem Sandberg, Director of the Stedlijk Museum in Amsterdam, may have hit the nail on the head when he recently expressed the opinion that "all American museums suffer from the trustee system. Once you have confidence in a director, you must give him freedom. And confidence naturally implies that a director is a specialist in art." But this unfortunately is what many top museum men are not; they are more and more being chosen for their administrative ability, their financial acumen, their charm, their agreeable willingness to rubber-stamp trustee decisions. In addition, art museum trustees are thinking increasingly of their institutions as business enterprises, and of themselves as art specialists, a hazardous and ironic inversion that leads to incompetent behavior on both levels.

TAKE, for example, the problem engendered by trustee and layman committees acting as final arbiters on art acquisitions. I know of an occasion when such a group actually flipped a coin to decide between two purchases. These committees, unless firmly steered by wise professional advice (a situation becoming less frequent), are apt to turn down works by little known but potentially important artists from both past and present, only to wait several years for public demand to raise prices enough to guarantee popular approval. It would make an interesting story to list the number of outstanding works lost to our public institutions because of amateur interference. And for that matter, why should one expect successful business men (since most trustees are drawn from this unduly limited group) to double as art scholars?

Dr. Harold W. Dodds, in his 1962 Carnegie Corporation report on the problems besetting college presidents, strongly recommended that public re-

Auction Sales

THE BALLYHOO surrounding modern art auctions has led to inevitable abuses. Recently it was charged that certain dealers were putting up paintings at auction only to buy them back through "front men" at greatly increased prices, thus establishing new artificial values. The day of picking up bargains at art auctions is a misty memory. These affairs at their peaks often relegate specialists to the back stairs but find front-row seats for movie stars and other photogenic personalities. Perhaps the most flagrant example of "name-buying" occurred not long ago at an auction in New York where a dealer paid $70,000 for a greatly repainted Picasso canvas, its condition having openly been denounced by the artist himself. Willem Sandberg, Director of the Stedlijk Museum in Amsterdam, wisely observed recently that "people who choose with their ears . . . and forget to look, buy names instead of flames."

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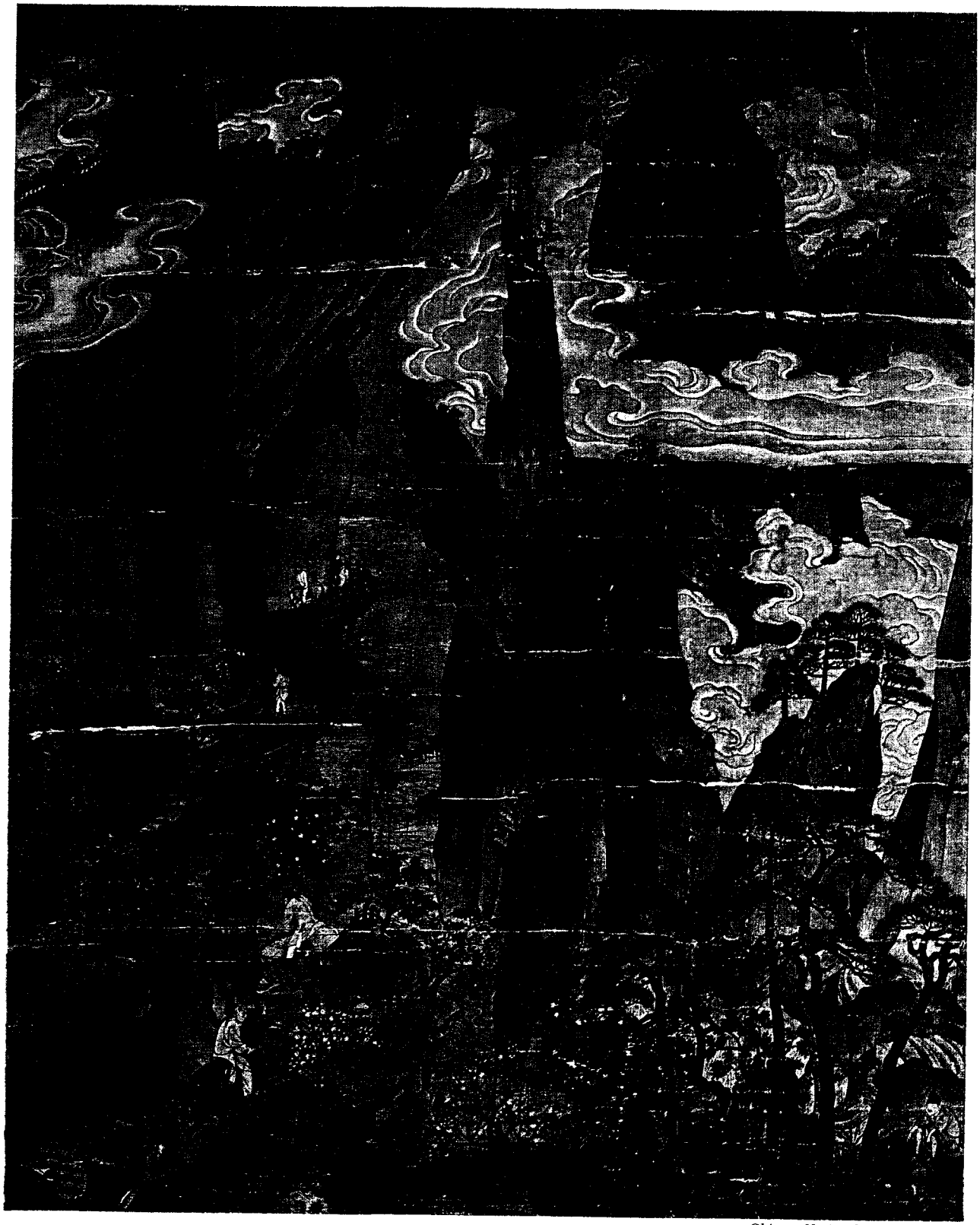

—*Chinese National Palace Museum.*

"Emperor Ming Huang's Journey to Shu" (detail).

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lations and fund raising not be their sole functions. He cautioned against identifying universities with business enterprises and advised trustees to avoid the too familiar pitfalls of behaving either as indifferent figureheads or "domineering busy-bodies."

Dr. Dodds' words are no less appropriate for art museums than for universities. The fact is that the turnover in top art museum personnel is shocking, its frequency recalling the haphazard fortunes of musical chairs. Joseph A. Patterson, Director of the American Association of Museums, said recently, "There is an acute shortage of museum personnel, and the profession stands at a lower salary level, with fewer benefits and far less recognition, than any comparable group." When one realizes that a nation-wide survey by a monthly newsletter called *Arts Management* indicates that public and business support of the arts in America has vastly increased lately, one questions why at least some of these benefits have not sifted down to museum staffs. I personally feel that much of the trouble stems not from trustee action alone but from the timid individualistic behavior of staff members themselves. As a group, directors and curators have never organized intelligently on a national level, nor have they stood together vocally. Lack of loyalty in the profession is distressing. No sooner is one director dropped or eased out of a museum berth than his good friend from a neighboring institution takes over.

IT IS no wonder that gifted young art historians are looking elsewhere for work. By this time they realize that in a field where expediency is often valued above integrity and courage, the future is not too encouraging. There is, of course, an organization called the American Association of Art Museum Directors that meets annually and establishes various committees to "look into" certain matters. But, as far as I can see, if crucial problems are discussed they are rarely effectively implemented. What has this organization or any art museum organization done about equitable employment practices, about salaries, contracts, or tenure? What have they done about training younger personnel? What have they done about training their own trustees? What have they done about unethical tax practices? What have they done about anti-Semitism in their museums? It is well known that, though substantial numbers of American art donors and patrons are Jewish, too often they are not given a proportionate voice in the policy making of their museums. Obviously this is scarcely the direct responsibility of professional staffs, but firm joint pressure could add up to more positive national action.

Perhaps we can look to the recently organized Art Dealers Association of America for help in at least one of these predicaments. Already some fifty commercial galleries both in New York and elsewhere have joined this group. According to its first president, Alexandre Rosenberg, "The art market was one of the few trade groups without a representative association. We felt the need of introducing some standards of ethics to protect the public and to correct certain tax abuses. We have already sent a delegation to Washington offering the government our help in the appraisal field."

Represented by an experienced lawyer, this group is in a position to effect some much-needed reforms that the museum world has been inclined to overlook. For example, gifts of art have long been partly tax deductible, a fact that is at once responsible for enriching museums and inflating art prices, the latter due sometimes to artificially high evaluations that have even resulted in tax profits for donors. A classic story concerns a customer who early one December visited a gallery, looking specifically for a work priced at $20,000. His only stipulation was that the sale be accompanied by a signed letter valuing the object at exactly twice what he was prepared to pay for it.

The urgent necessity for cracking down on such abuses does not, however, condone the government's practice of sending abysmally uninformed agents to check on art evaluations. One I recently encountered did not know the difference between bronze and marble, between etchings and lithographs, between oil and tempera, or Dürer and Cranach. For a busy donor to waste time with this type of official naïveté is enough to discourage him from ever giving another work of art to an institution (and it is well to remember that all donors are *not* trying to evade tax regulations). The new Art Dealers Association could prove most helpful in advising the government on realistic appraisals, and on protecting the rights of honest donors and the needs of public institutions.

Though many of art's present difficulties result from gigantism—from bigger and bigger prices, bigger and bigger museums, bigger and bigger exhibitions, bigger and bigger works of art, yet I must confess that during the last year some of the largest exhibits were the best, some of the largest paintings the most rewarding. And it is only fair to note that certain momentous exhibitions were sponsored by our largest museums. Indeed, often what we most deplore paradoxically turns up in the credit column.

One thinks immediately of the superb Chinese Art Treasures lent by the Republic of China (see page E), a comprehensive and unforgettable survey that traveled to several major American museums. In this show the early scroll paintings, among the most civilized works of art ever produced, were mute reminders of Oriental profundity. Nature, depicted as all pervasive, is endowed in these paintings with supernatural grandeur, revealing man appropriately dwarfed by the elements. Fortunate were the many Americans who experienced this extraordinary exhibition, where flawless technique served an art of unparalleled wisdom.

Fortunate, also, were those who saw a small show of monumental collages by Henri Matisse. If the Chinese paintings were a supreme expression of man's mastery over the flesh, so also, in a more personal way, were Matisse's joyous mural-like cut-and-pasted gouaches. When the artist made these compositions toward the end of his life, he was ill and unable to work at his easel, but his inventive vision, his feeling for explosive line and color were not to be quenched. Triumphing over his infirmities, Matisse created a group of large painted, cutout, and pasted gouaches of such brilliance, gaiety, and economy as to rank with his greatest works (see page J).

FOR American artists, critics and laymen, the Matisse show was a revelation. Not one wasted line, not one hint of hesitation burdened these compositions, which were virtually conceived with the two edges of a scissors. It is difficult to identify such consummate control and dazzling color, such optimism and vitality, with a man well over eighty. Surpassing even Renoir, who in his late years tied brushes to his wrists and painted from a wheel chair, Matisse, likewise confined to a wheel chair, proved once again that for artists old age is not a handicap.

And two other octogenarians, this time Americans, confirm the same judgment. Hans Hofmann and Edward Hopper, diametrically opposed as painters, both seem at the peak of their power today. In the section devoted to American art at the Seattle Fair, Hofmann is by far the oldest exhibitor; yet his two canvases sing out with such luminous vibrancy that they make the adjacent works of younger followers appear tepid. One of these canvases called "Olive Grove" (see page L) was painted in 1961 after a trip to Italy. Characteristically, it evokes the artist's feelings in the presence of nature, but in no way documents a specific scene.

On the other hand, Edward Hopper's "Second-Story Sunlight" (see page M) recently acquired by the Whitney Museum of American Art, is based on more easily recognizable elements, though it

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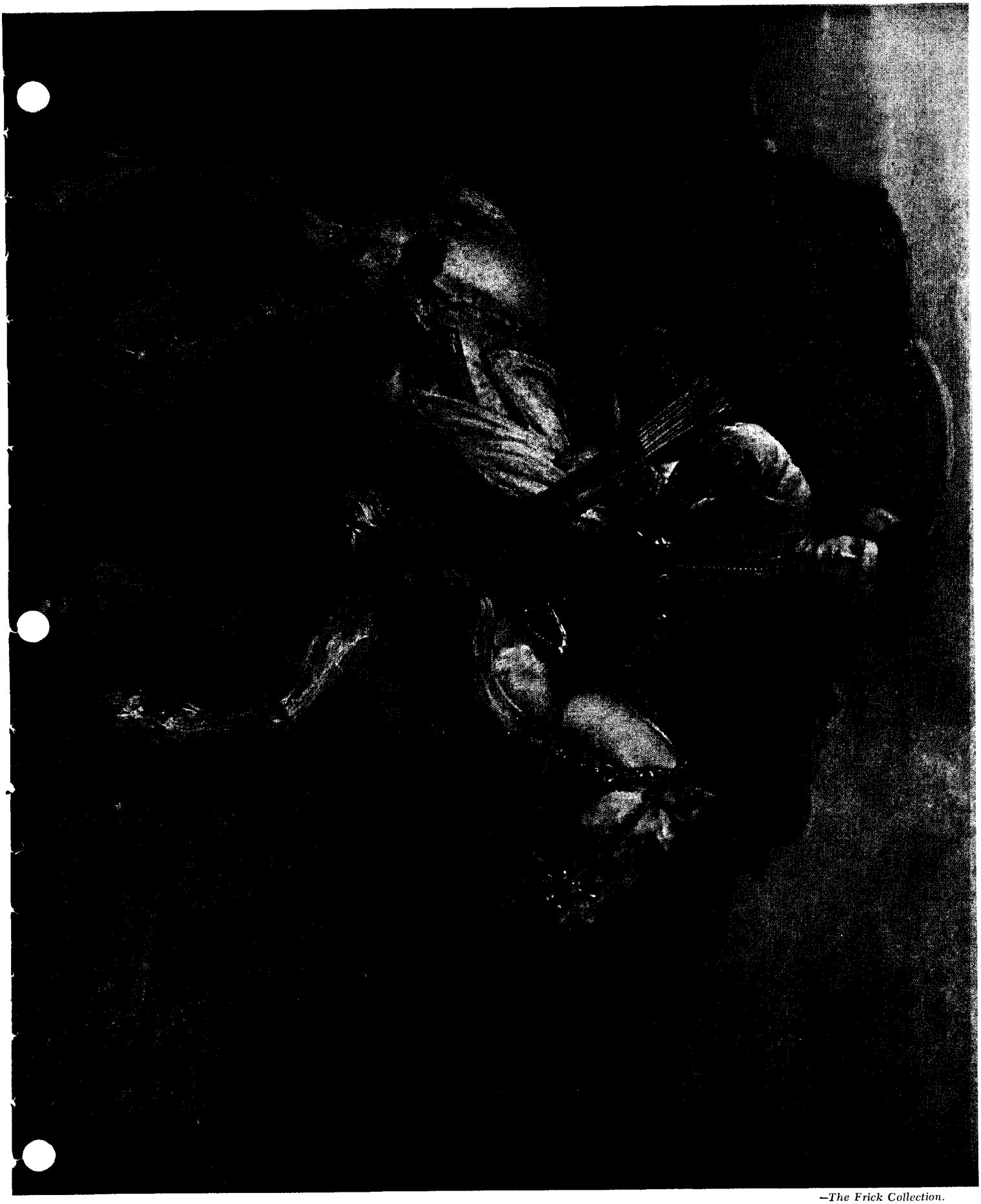

—*The Frick Collection.*

"Polish Rider," by Rembrandt.

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also is an imaginary scene. The deliberate spontaneity and exuberance of Hofmann is here replaced by calculated restraint. Every window shade, every shadow is almost mathematically determined. In Hopper's words, there is "a sort of elation about sunlight on the upper part of a house." Though one composition blazes with color and erupts with pigment, the other, stressing contrasts of light, denies all surface texture; though one composition is nonobjective and the other naturalistic, they are both basically abstract. Hopper is less interested in his figures and house than in the way light transforms them, and Hofmann's color surprises suggest but do not describe his personal emotions. Both men are authentic pioneers of modern American painting.

One other traveling exhibition made history this season. The Thomas Eakins show may have failed for certain modern eyes because of its solid solemnity and stolid color, but, for me, this painter towers above his nineteenth-century American contemporaries, not because of his uncompromising honesty (true, also, sometimes of them), but because of his uncanny ability to interpret his own times and his own country. This was the era when Europe called the plays; yet Eakins called his own. If his interest was more in the particular than the general, he was nonetheless able to project with searching perception the dry, unpretentious, forthright quality of the America he knew—an America fast disappearing. Eakins is remembered for his portraits, sport scenes, and realistic paintings of surgical operations, and for the unvarnished insight he brought to these often prosaic subjects (see page K).

THERE have been other fine exhibitions—Calder, Henry Moore, Gonzalez, Dubuffet, Léger—all accepted modern "old masters." When it comes to recent large group shows, the emphasis has been almost exclusively on painters and sculptors backed by New York galleries—many of whom too often seem unseasoned, untested, and immature. No one can accuse the present art market of ignoring the young. However, there are any number of able painters and sculptors not living within reach of the East Coast who are seldom featured in official shows. One cannot help wondering why exhibition directors travel extensively to Europe and even to Asia, while yet neglecting some of the largest art centers in their own country.

During occasional trips I have come on interesting painters and sculptors, artists like Bryan Wilson and Richard Bowman of California, Evelyn Statsinger of Chicago, James Fitzgerald of Seattle, Joseph Goto (particularly his monumental metal sculpture) of Ann Arbor, none of whom is represented as a rule in large national exhibitions. And rest assured—there are many others. In Michigan, for example, an excellent group of watercolorists is well worth watching. That the New York school has produced certain formidable men of great stature does not justify the neglect of promising American artists living elsewhere.

Still the wealth of art galleries and museums in and near New York City is a prodigious, not to say healthy, indication of public interest. One Sunday last May, I counted in the *New York Times* no less than seventeen public institutions featuring art shows, some of major importance.

Moreover, the high performance of certain smaller specialized institutions like Asia House and the Museum of Primitive Art in New York, the peerless Phillips Collection in Washington, and the George Eastman House in Rochester are, let us hope, clues to the future. University and college art museums also, as a rule, are comfortably limited in size and ambition. With them scholarship often compensates for modest funds, acquisitions reflecting knowledge more than public pressure. And, in addition, many colleges and universities are organizing excellent art festivals designed to serve not only the student body but the entire surrounding community. These festivals are now spreading even to high schools and grammar schools. One of the best I have seen takes place annually at the New Canaan, Connecticut, Public High School. This lively show, covering only the work of students, includes prints, paintings, ceramics, drawings, collages, sculpture, and design. Here one senses the influence of perceptive teachers who have obviously stressed content above technique. The work throughout shows a touching freshness and genuine intensity rarely found in the average self-conscious teen-ager.

Speaking of students, another promising omen occurred this spring at Columbia University. There, and also at Princeton University and Trinity College, students have organized against what they consider bad architectural designs planned for their respective campuses. The Columbia group was particularly incensed over a projected new School of Business to be called Uris Hall. The designs, extremely dull and pedestrian, recall dreary fascist architecture from Mussolini's day. One student wisely observed: "The building should have some image relating to the students who work in it. This building looks no different than a post office or a branch office of an insurance company." William Platt, a member of the University's Advisory Committee on Architecture and Planning, was quoted in the *Times* as having replied: "It should not be the kind of building the architecture students have in mind. Rather, it should be a nonentity, an efficient building that fits in." Somehow $7 million seems a lot to spend on a nonentity.

One need only compare the small wonderfully inventive Roofless Church of New Harmony, Indiana, to appreciate why architecture must relate visually and emotionally as well as functionally to the purpose it serves. Philip Johnson, who designed the church, and Jacques Lipchitz, who made the sculpture for it, obviously worked in close harmony to produce a chapel reflecting both the religious freedom and the Utopian philosophy that have distinguished New Harmony's history. To be sure, sympathetic church sponsorship of art and architecture is not new. In the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, it was standard practice, but during the past two decades in both Europe and the United States, a rebirth of the same interest has produced a body of notable modern church architecture. Only recently Marcel Breuer's Abbey Church in Collegeville, Minnesota, was dedicated. Here this architect designed a whole complex of buildings highly modern in character, but nonetheless reflecting the religious life and needs of the Benedictine brothers for whom it was built.

WE ALSO have big business to thank for other evidences of present-day progressive cooperation in the arts. The Chase Manhattan Bank, the Inland Steel Company in Chicago, the Seagram Building, the Airport in St. Louis—these and many other business organizations are imaginatively combining modern architecture and art. Today even factories are commissioning painters and sculptors, as industry fast becomes one of art's most liberal patrons. And the best architects, too, are increasingly collaborating with contemporary sculptors to introduce works of art into the daily lives of our communities.

In addition, New York State under the leadership of art-conscious Governor Nelson Rockefeller has established an exemplary Council of the Arts, the first of its kind in the country. With the sole aim of promoting cultural welfare, this organization has an enviable record and may, let us hope, act as a spur to other states and to the federal government. Because it has concentrated heavily on the needs of smaller institutions, implementing their art programs with exhibitions and services specifically adapted to their communities, the council has already proved invaluable. Not limited to the fine arts, this group likewise sponsors statewide theatre, music, ballet, and opera pro-

(Continued on page N)

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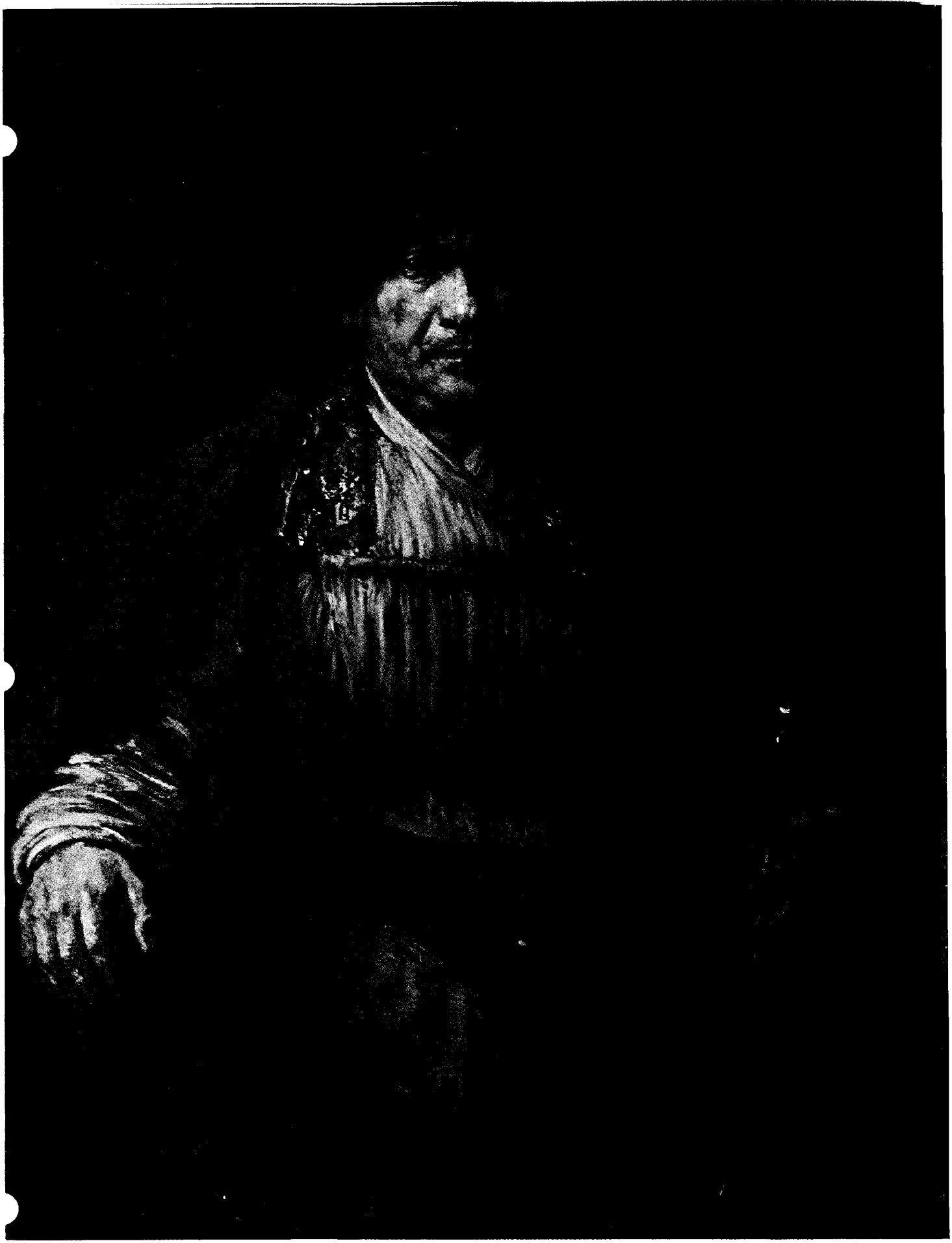

—*The Frick Collection.*

"Self Portrait," by Rembrandt.

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"Blue Nude. The Frog," by Henri Matisse.

—*Private Collection.*

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—*National Gallery of Art, Washington. Presented by Mr. & Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney.*

"The Biglen Brothers Racing," by Thomas Eakins (detail).

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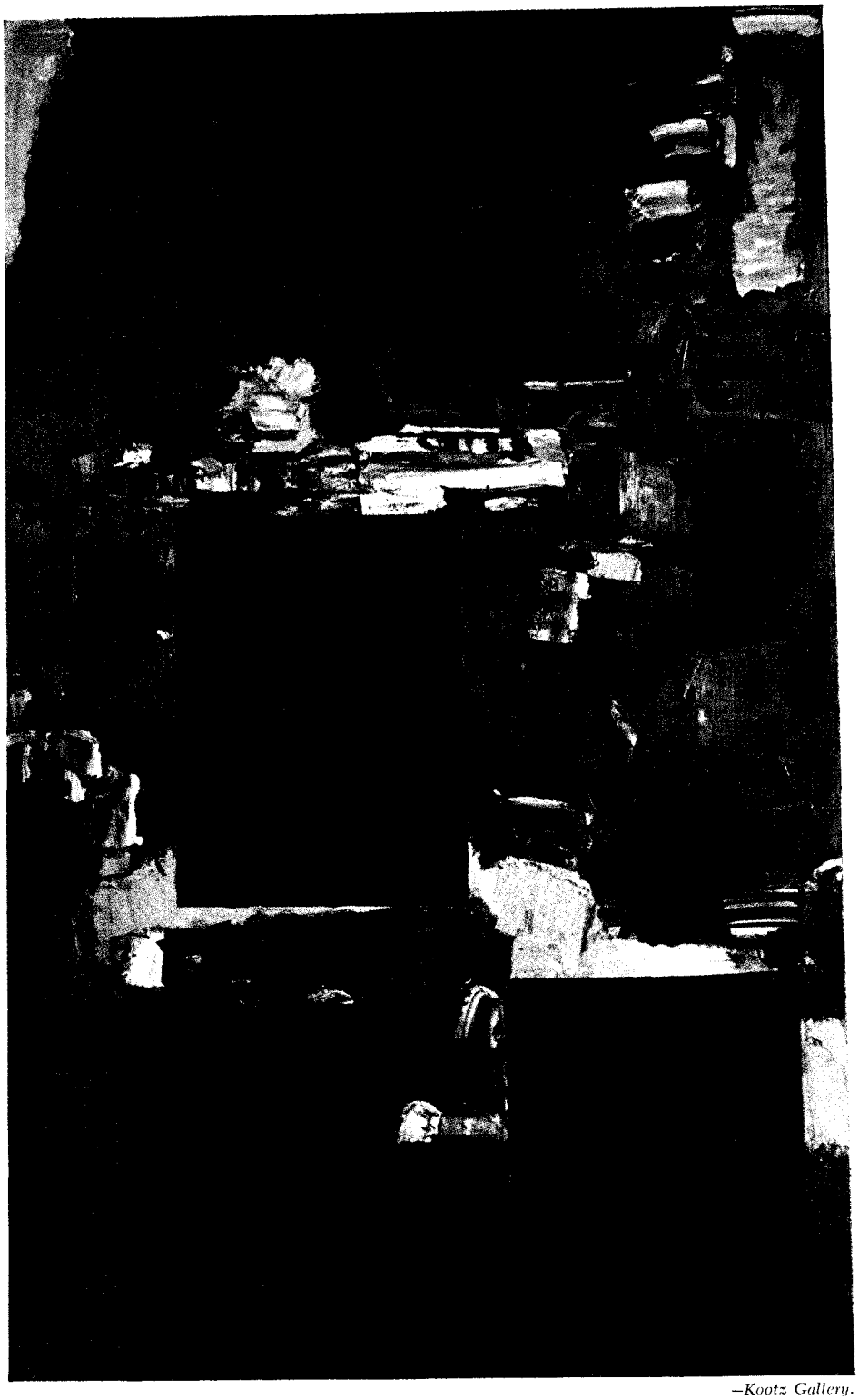

—*Kootz Gallery.*

"Olive Grove," by Hans Hofmann.

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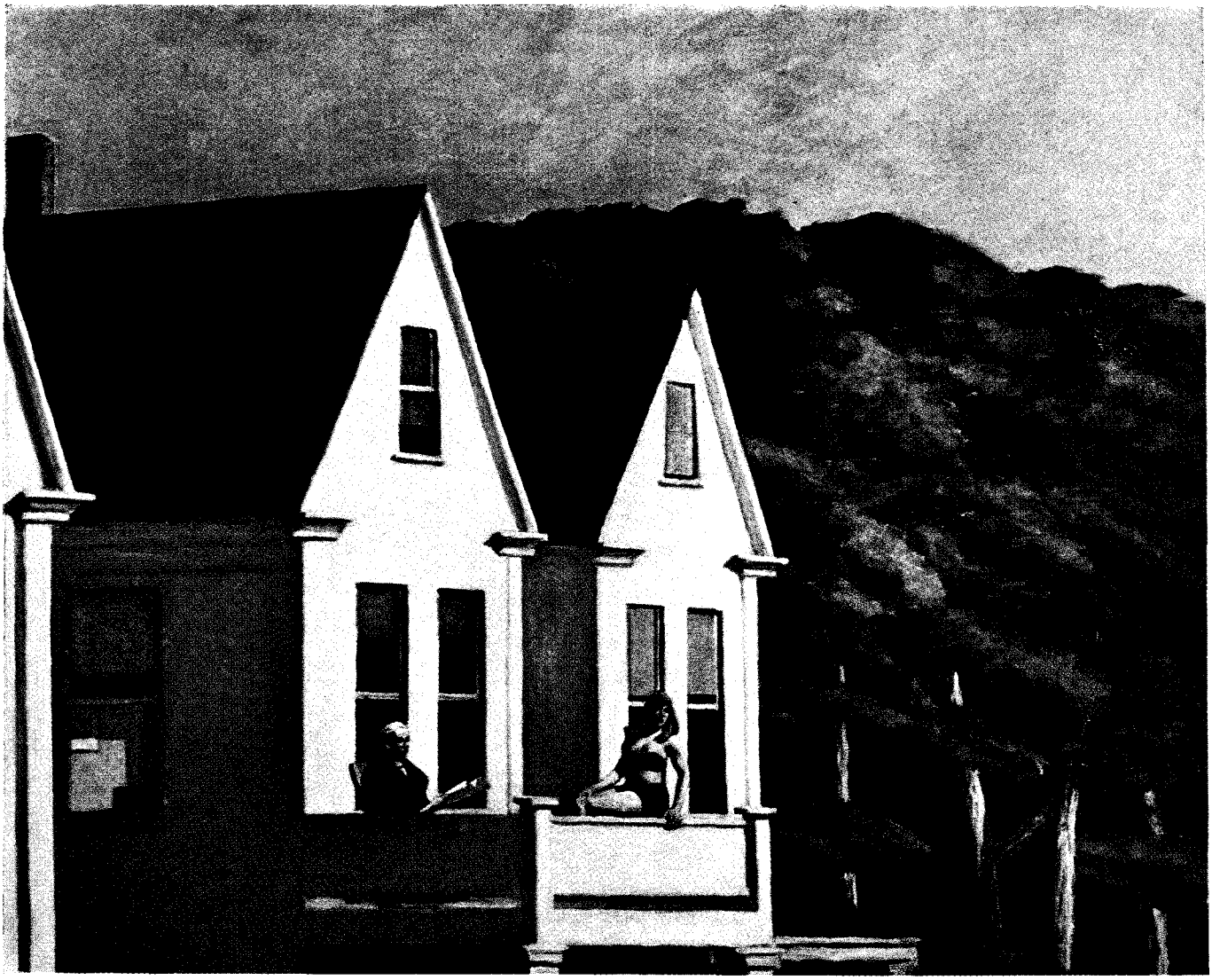

—*Whitney Museum of American Art, Gift of the Friends of the Whitney Museum.*

"Second-Story Sunlight," by Edward Hopper.

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grams often experimental in character.

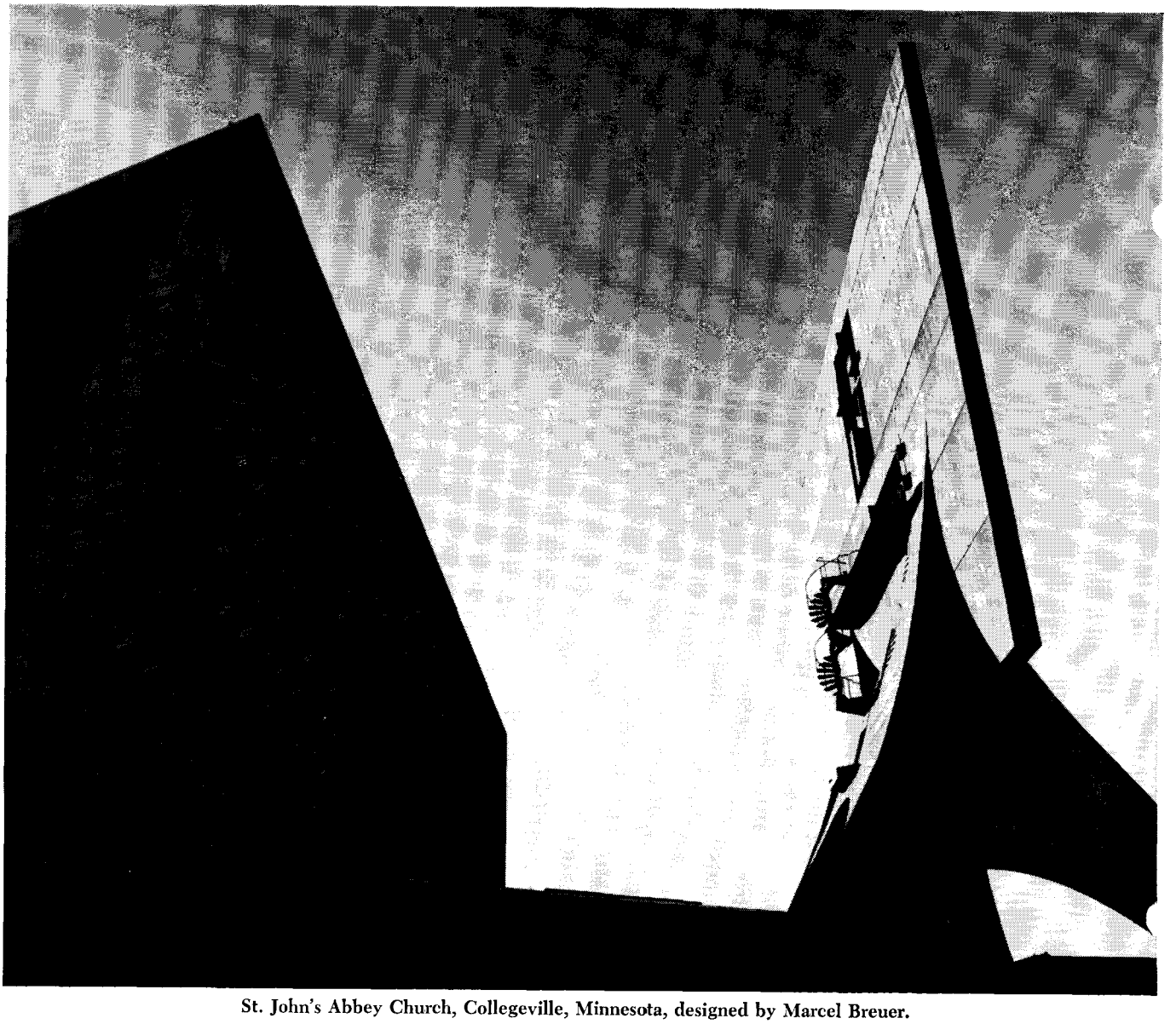
Another refreshing development is the increasing number of modest and informative art publications. Those many costly coffee-table art books that prize jazzed-up color reproductions above thoughtful texts are at last being challenged by a group of smaller, well-edited volumes (usually in connected series), where words are not merely perfunctory space fillers.

Priced within comfortable reach of students and the general public, these books are also frequently well illustrated. I particularly recommend a compact series called The Complete Library of World Art, each volume devoted to a single celebrated master. Reproductions of the artist's entire *oeuvre* are followed by excellent enlarged details and accurate, intelligent information. Though somewhat more routine, the Student Series of Great Artists is also notable for its color reproductions and its clear, sympathetic language. Nor is architecture overlooked. A series called the Great Ages of World Architecture publishes condensed volumes devoted to individual periods in the history of architecture. Again the books are written by specialists who are concerned with authentic, concise interpretations, a happy relief from the plethora of phony words that envelop art today.

An encouraging harbinger has also appeared lately in the form of a small mimeographed folder called *Scrap*. Edited by two young New York artists, Sidney Geist and Anita Ventura, this modest sheet at first glance is deceiving. Written with verve, integrity, and independence, *Scrap* takes pokes at sacrosanct institutions and pompous opinions. Unfortunately it appears only sporadically and in small numbers, but as a stimulating debunking agent it brings a breath of fresh air to the perfumed art world.

And, finally, one cannot draw up a balance sheet on the arts in America today without saluting the White House, if only for Mrs. Kennedy's serious concern with restoring authentic furniture, sculpture, and paintings to this historic landmark. Already several fine colonial canvases by such distinguished artists as Rembrandt Peale and John Trumbull have been acquired. One of the noblest acquisitions, however, is not by an American but of an important American. A "Portrait of Benjamin Franklin" painted from life by the Scotch artist David Martin shows the sitter at sixty years of age. This uncompromising likeness has none of the frothy artificiality sometimes associated with the eighteenth century. It is memorable for a frank integrity that echoes the personality of its renowned subject (see page P).

From a long-range view, American taste does indeed seem to be slowly coming of age as its sights veer from "Grand Rapids modern" to Charles Eames, from neo-Gothic to Eero Saarinen, from Rockwell Kent to Mark Tobey. But in order fully to come of age, the art profession as a whole must face up to its own peculiar brand of "juvenile delinquency."



St. John's Abbey Church, Collegeville, Minnesota, designed by Marcel Breuer.

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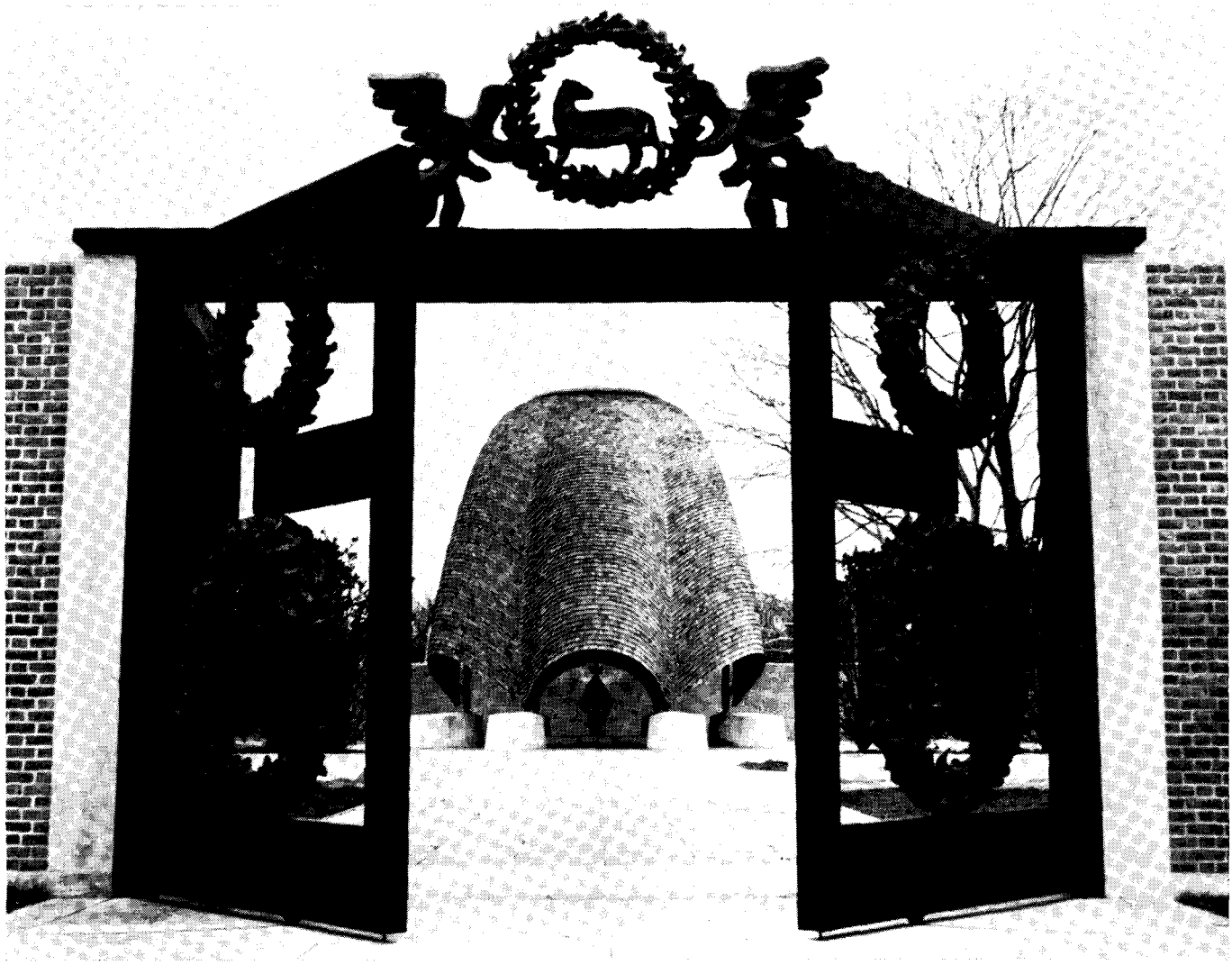
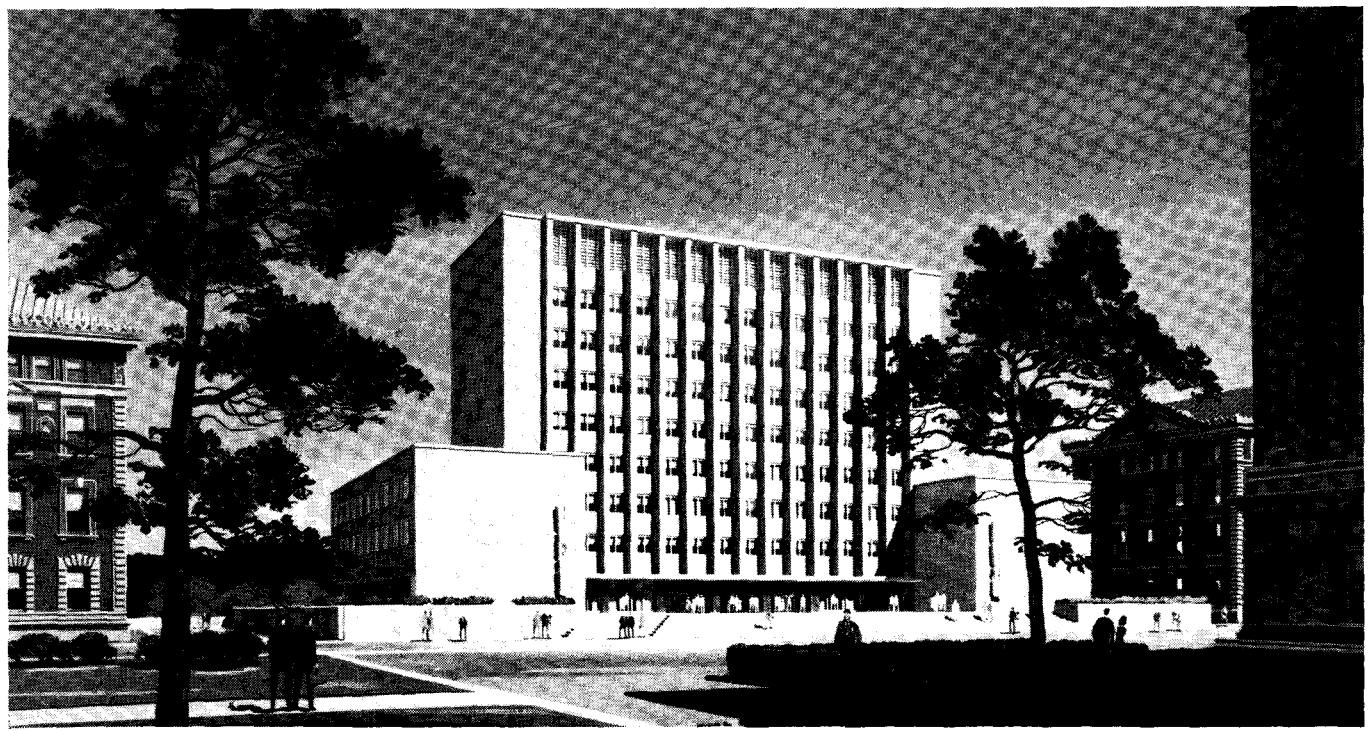


Roofless Church, by Philip Johnson; Sculpture, by Jacques Lipchitz, New Harmony, Indiana.

Projected Graduate School of Business, Columbia University.



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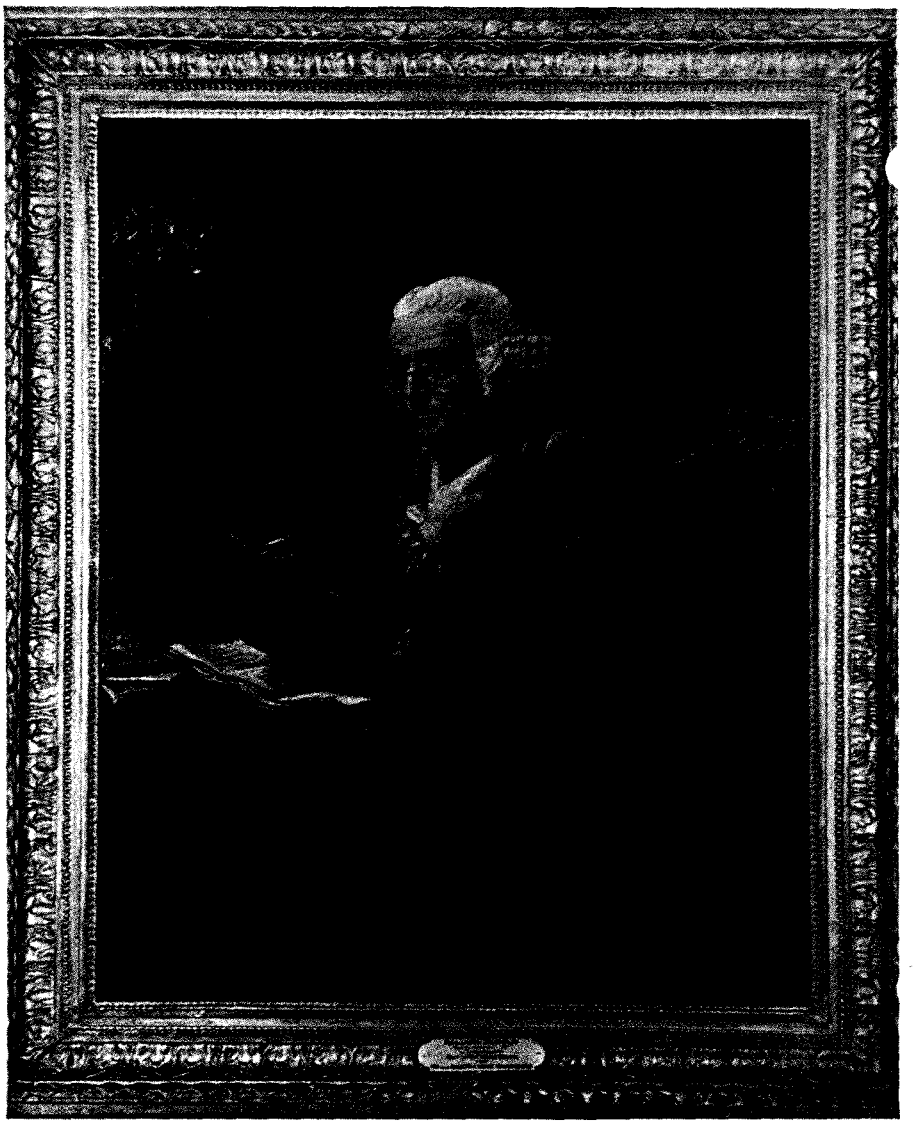

"Portrait of Benjamin Franklin," by David Martin.

—Courtesy The White House.

A Note on Government and Art

THE PROBLEM of government in art, with the familiar specter of political interference offset by the possibility of much-needed financial and moral support, has been often discussed but never solved. Europeans have long felt that government supervision of the arts is preferable to private patronage. For this to be true in America, Congressional submission to professional know-how becomes a prerequisite—an unlikely situation where art is concerned, unless certain excellent architectural designs for recent American embassies can be taken as good omens.

There is no doubt that *intelligent* government administration of art is, by and large, preferable to the American trustee system where too often personal vagaries assume frightening proportions. But one should not underestimate the word "intelligent."

At the moment there is not much cause for jubilation. Despite the fact that President Kennedy has supported the idea of a Federal Advisory Council on the Arts, the bill backing this measure was blocked in the House Rules Committee during May and for the moment seems all but dead. Considering that this bill asks for only $100,000, little more than a pittance in our national economy, its future is scarcely promising. And even were such a council established, its value would depend on the courage and knowledge of those men and women appointed to its membership. If merely well-known noncontroversial names were invited to serve, creative art in America could well degenerate into little more than stuffed-shirt compliance.

Nor are we reassured by the budget cuts that have recently crippled some of our most valuable federal art programs overseas. In our zeal to serve underprivileged African and Asian countries we tend to overlook Europe. There, in the most important and urbane capitals, we have lately slashed already modest budgets to paralyze what were often exemplary art programs projecting a positive picture of this country. Despite the downgrading of these highly effective, top-quality government-sponsored exhibitions, I now read that "Government officials have agreed to support where possible in Europe" a show of fifty amateur paintings by American business and professional men, a procedure in direct opposition to a recent statement by August Heckscher, newly appointed cultural advisor to President Kennedy, who said, "I worry about art being made a hobby or a therapeutic process." According to a press release issued by "Manpower, Inc.": "It was felt a display of art work of this kind (by amateur businessmen) might help dispel the stereotype of the uncultured American. . . ."

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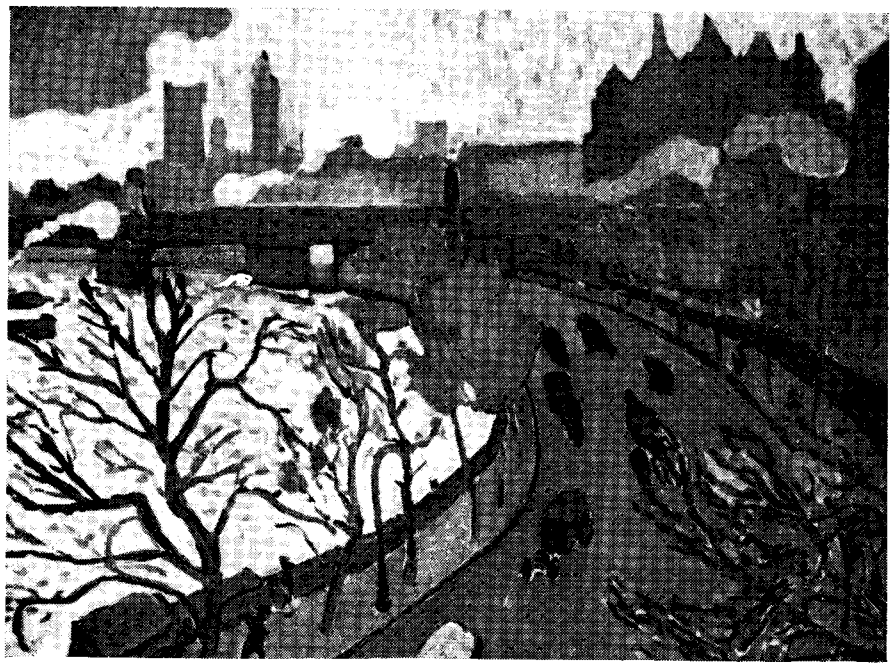
The Birth of the Modern

"Gateway to the Twentieth Century," by Jean Cassou, Emile Langui, and Nikolaus Pevsner *(McGraw-Hill. 362 pp. $25), is the third volume in the Council of Europe Series, which includes "The Rococo Age" and "Romantic Art." Albert Christ-Janer is dean of the Art School at Pratt Institute.*

By ALBERT CHRIST-JANER



"Westminster Bridge," by Andre Derain (1906). —*From the book.*

LIKE the previous publications of this series, "Gateway to the Twentieth Century" stems from the annual international exhibition shown by the Council of Europe in some appropriate European center. This one, dealing with the incomparable decades before World War I, 1884 to 1914, which radiated such manifold influences throughout the Western world, is, of course, concerned with Paris, and the results of Impressionism upon advanced form.

The texts are replete with facts, wise in interpretation and unique in content. And the authors are at home in their respective areas; one feels "they were there." Jean Cassou, director of the Musée d'Art Moderne, describes the era in which the great adventures in modern art were created; Emile Langui, director general of Arts, Letters, and Popular Education in Brussels, elucidates modern work for those who really would like to appreciate it intelligently; and Nikolaus Pevsner, architectural historian from the University of London, expounds the source and meaning of the new architecture and its related arts. All this makes for a grand picture book with authoritative explanations—the book of the year produced by a house that specializes in art publications.

It is a handsomely illustrated work, containing fifty-two color plates and 332 black and white reproductions. The format measures 10" by 13¼", thus giving ample space for the mounting of the tipped-in color pictures, which are presented on toned paper.

Best of all, the selection of the paintings, buildings, and designs sets forth e meritorious but not necessarily the orthodox. The art historian and curator fall often into the habit of recalling the same artist and the same historical monument to make a point. How many times has a good, fair, or poor reproduction of Manet's "Olympia" been repeated? Here the authors have chosen widely among both artists and their unusual works.

Arthur Pope used to regret that most of us missed the days of the "grand tours," and that twentieth-century people could never know the forty years before World War I — the "Student Prince" days in Europe—a time of freedom and order, of peace and optimism and, above all, of that high spirit which brought forth marvelous inventions of all kinds. As Cassou adds here, such immense activity was the direct result of capitalism in its full expansion. This is but another way of saying that it was a period replete with individualism. In such an atmosphere the Modern Movement, quite naturally, came to flower. "The Climate of Thought," the introduction to this art book, reminds us of the various triumphs of the outstanding individuals—the Bergsons, Einsteins, and Freuds—who affected the *zeitgeist*; indeed, who created it. Not even the fluent Cassou can overdramatize the varied forms and types of genius that contributed so importantly to the Western world in the years preceding the First World War. As Emile Langui remarks, our art today still seems to rest upon the discoveries of the "penniless and despised, exultant and desperate who, between 1884 and 1914, amassed that splendid heritage: the sources of twentieth-century art."

Professor Pevsner is an authority on architecture and the applied arts—with many books to prove it—and it may be for this very reason that his pages are full to overflowing. Nonetheless, his grasp on his material is firm and his understanding complete. A careful study of this chapter can be rewarding.

The book has one flaw. For some unaccountable reason, although carefully composed, the volume has no bibliography. This is especially regrettable because the authors are so obviously competent to suggest titles of merit that might supplement this one, and thus add to the rather concise texts contained in "Gateway."

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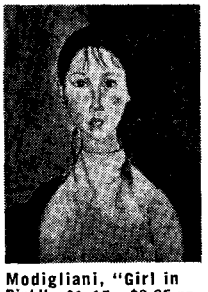
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Ducats and Sonnets

"I, Michelangelo, Sculptor: An Autobiography Through Letters," edited by Irving and Jean Stone *(Doubleday. 283 pp. $4.95), includes a selection of the artist's sonnets to add illumination to his character. Herbert Read's "A Letter to a Young Painter" will be published here later in September.*

By HERBERT READ

THE REAL begetter of this volume is Dr. Charles Speroni, professor of Italian at the University of California, Los Angeles, who has had the difficult task of rendering into English the sixteenth-century Italian in which Michelangelo wrote his numerous letters. If one might sometimes quarrel with a word (" I have *readied* a room here") or a phrase ("I will come regardless"; "I fired Lapo"), one can have nothing but praise for the fluency and accuracy of the translation as a whole. Though the editors' decision to arrange the letters in chronological order was a good one, and though the annotation and documentation are as full as the general reader will require, the text of the letters is not verbatim: duplicate phrases have been deleted, repetitious letters omitted, and only "the balance" of some letters "left intact." Mr. Stone assures us that "everything of even the slightest interest or value has been preserved," but the serious student of the history of art must still wait for a scientific edition of the complete letters in English.

Another arbitrary feature of the volume is the inclusion, at irregular intervals, of a selection of Michelangelo's sonnets in the excellent translation by John Addington Symonds ninety years ago. This, Mr. Stone explains, is done for two reasons: "because they shed the most light on his inner thinking and feeling, thus implementing the letters; and because they constitute, in our opinion, the best of his poetical writings." "Implement" is a wonderfully ambiguous word. The truth is that the letters themselves are somewhat devoid of "thinking and feeling," and the book might have been intolerably lacklustre without these strange and beautiful poems.

Great men are not necessarily great letter writers. Byron, Goethe, Coleridge, Keats, Flaubert, D. H. Lawrence—it sometimes seems that the best "thinking and feeling" of such great men is to be found in their correspondence, and the letters of a painter like Van Gogh are inseparable from our image of his genius. But how relatively dull and disappointing are the letters of Wordsworth, Shelley, Beethoven, Turner, or Cézanne!

These letters of Michelangelo are for the most part concerned with ducats and scudi, with contracts and commissions, with the excavation and transport of marble, with the demands of his feckless brothers and the mismanagement of his nephew Lionardo, to whom in the latter part of his life he entrusted his affairs. He begins to complain about his age before he is forty; he lived to be nearly ninety. He was precise, parsimonious, and unsentimental:

> I received the marzolini cheeses, twelve of them [he writes to his nephew]. They are very beautiful. I will give some to my friends, and I will use the others at home. As I wrote you boys other times, do not send me anything at all, unless I ask for it, especially those things that cost money. As for your taking a wife, do not pay any attention to dowry, for in this world there is more property than men. As for beauty, since you are not the most handsome man in Florence, you should not worry

—From the book.

"Atlas," by Michelangelo, circa 1519.

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about that too much, as long as she is not crippled or loathsome.

And yet the nobility of the man does emerge from these letters—in his firm nd dignified dealings with popes and cardinals, in his fine appreciation and objective criticism of the work of other artists, in his platonic love of Vittoria Colonna (to whom many of the sonnets are addressed) and of the noble Tommaso de' Cavalieri, in his contempt for "the pomp and vanity of women," in his unfailing artistic integrity. At times he is bitter about his hardships: "I myself live miserably and do not care about honors and other worldly things; I live in the midst of the greatest hardships and of countless anxieties. I have been leading this sort of existence for about fifteen years, and I have not known one hour of well-being," he writes at the age of thirty-seven, and continues in this strain throughout his long life. But he was aware of his own faults, "of some peculiarity of my temper, of some madness, which they say is part of my nature," and he did not expect the world to understand him, or to measure in his lifetime the magnitude of his genius.

This is really a sad book, but a salutary one, for it reveals the range of suffering, the complexity of feeling, he passion and lucidity that are all demanded if a great vision is to be realized.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 997

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 997 will be found in the next issue.

CKAC: CYF KMXRXCQ CP

SFOAGXMF PCYFGO KO CYFQ

OFF CYFTOFRZFO.

KMGKYKT RXWAPRW.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 996

The penalty of success is to be bored by the attentions of people who formerly snubbed you.

—Mary W. Little.

DEVOTED HUMANIST AND THUNDERING PROPHET is Richard Buckle's description of the American-born sculptor Jacob Epstein in his introduction to "**Epstein Drawings**" (World, $7.50). The book's sixty-four drawings were selected from the private collection of the artist's widow, who has herself written the notes; they include portraits, sketches, book illustrations, and studies for the monumental sculpture that startled early twentieth-century England with its bold unconventionality.

Head of Zeda (1928).

The Flame of Life (1910).

Study for Night (1928).

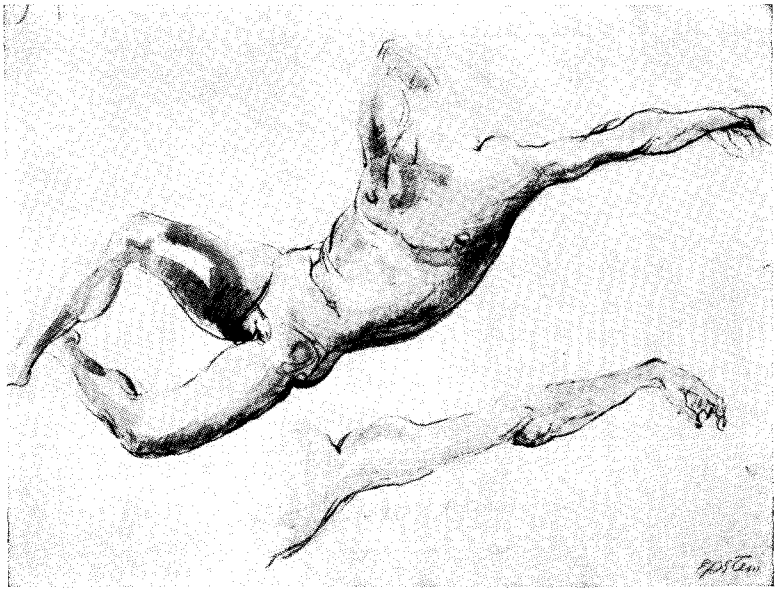

Figure Study, Male Nude (1934).

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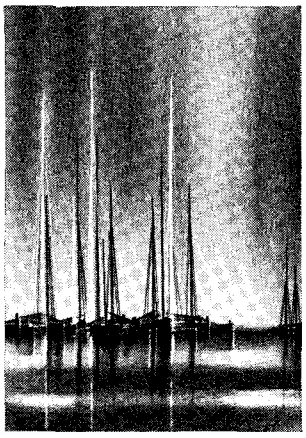

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Fiction

Continued from page 23

artist's traditional protest against the follies and imperfections of man and his works, or as the artist's performance of his function of hastening inevitable change. In "Stand Still Like the Hummingbird," published last June by New Directions, Mr. Miller stated that function: what the artist clamors for "avowedly or unavowedly, is a new deal, in other words, *freedom*."

But, as you read "Capricorn," don't overlook Mr. Miller's gift of memory. In the midst of protest, of the four letter words and the erotic adventures, he writes a long section about his growing up in New York, a passage one reads with warmth, nostalgia, pity, and understanding. This alone is enough to "redeem" the book, if it needs redeeming. Which it doesn't.

Politics and Platitudes

"Noon on the Third Day," by James Hulbert *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 366 pp. $4.95), poses the dilemma of an elderly liberal Senator caught between extreme and opposing lobbyists. Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., covers politics as an editorial writer for the Greensboro Daily News.*

By EDWIN M. YODER, JR.

IT WOULD be generous, to begin with, to give James Hulbert the credit due his intent. "At Noon on the Third Day" is a documentary novel designed to instruct the unknowing on the ins and outs of labor reform politics in the Senate, a big issue in those latter Eisenhower years when the Kennedy boys were getting their start. In this it is competent: we are convinced by the story line that Senator John Burnett, an appealing old liberal from Missouri, might well have found it agonizing to discover public interest in the narrow strait between a "punish labor" lobby and an equally uncritical union lobby. We are also sorry, at the end, to see the old man lose his seat while a corrupt union official named Ed Flowers keeps his job. Oh, there is irony here, to be sure, as Senator Burnett, the victim of fickle *demos*, feels "the first chill of loneliness," while everything comes up roses for Ed Flowers.

But are there no rules for political novels? If there are, cardinal among them is surely the rule against mere documentaries. It is not enough simply to fictionalize an issue and people it with one-dimensional figures whose only motives in life seem drearily political, to whom cardinal sins and cardinal virtues are equally alien, who always move in bland calculation. However true a photograph of democratic politics this is, its proper vehicle is not the novel but a factual study on the order of "Congress Makes a Law."

Even "Advise and Consent," though implausible, rose occasionally to the level of a real novel. Mr. Drury at least understands that since "Antigone," and maybe before, only an interplay between private conscience and public standard redeems fiction set in public life. Otherwise, why attempt to fictionalize what is best analyzed as history?

Mr. Hulbert, whose Senator Burnett is a creature of appealing political wisdom, comes no closer to the scrutiny of a human heart than the brief exchange on page 155. The old Senator, after a bout with an anti-union lobbyist, slaps his thigh and declares, "I may have outlived my usefulness . . . I'm beginning to doubt the essential goodness of man. That attitude is necessary for a liberal." Ah, there's the cue for a real novel. Must a liberal believe in the essential goodness of man, really? Mr. Hulbert never develops the question, since who needs conclusions about the nature of man in order to campaign for the Senate?

Aside from the debilitating fault of telling us little about politicians while telling us quite a bit about labor politics, "At Noon on the Third Day" suffers from confusing experiments with common English words. "Houghton McMillan," we learn, "did not offer an opinion, referring obliquely to his former position, which he *alluded* would not permit him to discuss . . . American foreign policy." We are told that the problem of organizing a union at Airython Manufacturing Co. "*laid*" on Ed Flowers's mind "as a dull, unceasing rebuke"; and no wonder. Our hero, Senator Burnett, gets off the real howler. "You see why I keep this boy around, Virgil," he says to his Missouri campaign manager, speaking of a bright young aide. "He is *disingenuous* and means every word he says."

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AGELESS FOIBLES: As nearly everybody knows, J. B. Priestley is a senior English writer who has worn many different hats during his career as novelist, essayist, social critic, and playwright. He refuses to be confined, and this trait was never more in evidence than in the present bit of fuzzy fluff, which he calls **"The Thirty-first of June"** (Doubleday, $3.50). A fantasy based upon the amusing idea of a people-to-people exchange between a contemporary London advertising agency and a mythical court in Arthurian England, it reads as though the author laughingly dictated it to an admiring secretary who kept saying: "Coo! What *will* you think of next, Mr. Priestley?" While he replies: "Don't worry, my girl, I'll dream it up as I go along. But I must admit this sort of thing is harder to sustain than it looks after the ball gets into play. When we're through here, perhaps another run through P. G. Wodehouse and Robert Nathan would be in order to see how they managed their nonsense without losing the thread."

If there is a satirical germ present, it stems from the Priestley thesis that the weaknesses and human foibles of one age are pretty much interchangeable with those before and, presumably, after. In reporting the romantic misadventures of the beauteous Princess Melicent, flower of King Meliot's medieval court in Peradore, with a modern-day adman named Sam (a magic mirror provides the introduction, and a pair of wicked enchanters moves them and their friends back and forth across the centuries), the story offers many a sprightly scene of joust, pub, advertising scrimmage, and royal pageantry. To reserve a Fiery Dragon or a Red Knight, just whistle. There are jokes and yeasty puns, plus caustic comments about taxes and tourism. There is a generous helping of evocative line drawings by an anonymous illustrator. And of course an ingratiating locale.

However, the troubles with "The Thirty-first of June" are simply that the tale lacks cohesion and the light-handed subtlety required by such offbeat lit'r'y chores. Mr. Priestley has managed a special kind of book that is too adult for children and too childish for adults. Classify it as an author's imaginative exercise, but don't forget to envy the fun he must have had doing it.

—JAMES KELLY.

Love keeps no score of wrongs;
does not gloat over other men's sins,
but delights in the truth.

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The Exchequer Pays the Doctor

"Socialized Medicine in England and Wales: The National Health Service 1948-1961," by Almont Lindsey *(University of North Carolina Press. 561 pp. $8.50), examines the operation and results of Britain's governmental cradle - to - the - grave medical insurance. Marguerite Clarke wrote "Medicine Today: A Report on a Decade of Progress."*

By MARGUERITE CLARKE

AFTER a visit to the United States in 1958, a member of the House of Commons expressed himself as "flabbergasted" at the appalling ignorance about the British National Health Service "in circles where you would not expect to find it. . . . Someone in our Foreign Office or in the Ministry of Health should do something to inform the American people about what our service is, what it does, and what we wish it to do in the future," fumed the MP.

It was left to a conscientious American professor of history at the University of Virginia to perform this service, ably and objectively. To study the British health plan at firsthand, Almont Lindsey spent six months in England in 1954, interviewing hundreds of physicians, medical students, patients and hospital officials, and conferring with the Executive Council, local health authorities, and other health service agencies. He came home to the monumental task of analyzing, integrating, and evaluating all the literature on the Health Service.

After eight years of work, he has published a large, scholarly volume, clearly written and packed with well-documented facts and figures, which should go a long way toward correcting the average American's distorted conception of how the National Health Service in England and Wales was started, and how it has functioned in the last thirteen years. His personal conclusion: "In the light of past accomplishments and future goals, the Service cannot be excluded from any list of notable achievements of the twentieth-century."

The NHS, Professor Lindsey points out, was not hastily foisted on England by a Labour government in the excitement of the postwar years. The Service began back in 1911 with the establishment of the National Health Insurance, which provided free drugs and medical care for the workers, but not for members of their families. Long-time plans for a more comprehensive medical care service had the broadest sort of bipartisan support. (Sir Winston Churchill, although a Conservative, was no less committed to such a program than were the Socialist leaders.) Health officials set up a long series of complex studies, culminating in the famous Beveridge Report of 1942, and the White Paper of 1944, which strongly supported a wide-scale medical program to be financed mainly by Exchequer funds. Into the framework of the Health Service the most desirable features of the old health insurance plan were woven.

How has it worked out? "First," writes the historian, "I want to make clear that there has been no intrusion of party politics into medicine. As part of a system supervised by the government, the physician must submit to certain regulations. But his own colleagues have helped to make these requirements, and they do not jeopardize his professional freedom."

In seeking higher pay, British doctors have had to bargain with the government, and after a struggle they have received substantially what they asked for. With the creation in 1960 of a Review Body, to survey periodically remunerations of doctors and dentists and to propose adjustments when necessary, the question of pay has been removed from the arena of political debate.

Actually, doctors enjoy greater economic security than they did before World War II. They are now one of the most highly paid groups in England, receiving generous pensions. The general distribution of patients has reduced the load to from 2,500-3,000 per doctor, a manageable size. Paper work, certificates, medical records, and reports are no longer considered a burden. While some doctors still exercise their natural right to grumble, the great majority accept the Service as basically sound, "while seeking to improve it." In a 1956 poll of general practitioners, more than two-thirds said that if given a chance to go back ten years to pre-Health Service days, they would vote in favor of the Service.

Doctor-patient relations have not suffered in the least, according to Professor Lindsey. While the physician cannot give each patient as much time as he would like, he is able to offer better and more complete treatment. Under the NHS, the patient can change doctors, but he seldom does. While some patients may abuse the service, the vast majority do not. The fear that free medical care might foster hypochondria in persons not in need of help has not been realized; in fact, the Service may have produced fewer hypochondriacs.

As a whole, the British public regards the Service with satisfaction. In the Social Surveys study of 1956, 90 per cent of the people reported favorably, 7 per cent were "not sure," and only 3 per cent were against it.

The cost to the government? "Com-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MYTH-ASTRONAUTS

The gods and goddesses of mythology had their private means of transportation, called chariots, in which they could outdo modern capsules. Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, invites you to match the ten deities on the left with the creatures on the right that wafted their vehicles through air, water or unlimited space. Answers on page 71.

1. Aurora	( ) Black Horses
2. Bacchus	( ) Griffins
3. Ceres	( ) Hippocampi
4. Ceres	( ) Lions
5. Diana	( ) Panthers
6. Juno	( ) Peacocks
7. Nemesis	( ) Stags
8. Neptune	( ) Swans
9. Pluto	( ) White Steeds
10. Venus	( ) Winged Dragons

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paratively low," says Almont Lindsey, "considering what the people get, and the great improvement in national health." Including all sources of revenue (charges, insurance payments, local ates, and Exchequer funds) the total gross cost per capita in 1960 was about $45 a year, or 12½¢ a day. The plan has never cost England more than 4 per cent of the national income. Many nations spend more on medical care, including the United States, which in 1959 spent 4.5 per cent of the national income.

Professor Lindsey's attitude toward the Service is not one of unrestrained optimism. Some problems still exist, notably those arising from the effort to achieve better coordination between the hospitals, the general practitioners, and the local health authorities. Before 1948 these three services were locked into almost airtight compartments, and in some cases there was unfriendly rivalry. Under the Health Service, with liaison committees and joint use of facilities and staffs, a new climate of mutual helpfulness has slowly begun to emerge. "In some areas, the problem has largely disappeared, but the over-all tripartite picture still leaves no room for complacency."

In no branch of the Health Service program has progress been more noticeable than in the British hospitals. By the first ten years medical and ursing staffs had increased one-third and technical staffs more than half. The provision of hearing aids, artificial limbs, and spectacles (over 50 million sight tests in the first decade) has been a tremendous boon to the needy. While the general condition of British teeth remains far from satisfactory, good dentures, available to all, at first free and later at a moderate cost, help to solve serious geriatrics problems.

IN in- and out-patient care, rehabilitation, and mental health supervision British hospitals show encouraging improvement. With large sums of research money available, and the help of the Medical Research Council, an independent agency cooperating closely with the hospitals, "English research," Mr. Lindsey notes, "is commanding more prestige and attracting abler scientists for lifetime careers than at any other time."

Of course, there are still waiting lists for hospital care, and too many hospital buildings are obsolete. But with less budget restriction, the government has begun to tackle the problem of replacing substandard hospital ildings with new ones.

To the man in the street the National Health Service receives the same measure of popular support as education, police and fire protection, and other essential functions of the government.

Public Killer No. 3

"Alcoholism and Society," by Morris E. Chafetz, M.D., and Harold W. Demone, Jr. *(Oxford University Press. 319 pp. $6.95), finds no single factor responsible for the third most common U.S. illness. Charles Jackson's "The Lost Weekend" has become a classic fictional treatment of the problem.*

By CHARLES JACKSON

SINCE alcoholism is a major health problem in America today, following directly after heart disease and cancer in incidence, one can only be glad for another book on the subject. The more public education on this matter the better, and "Alcoholism and Society" covers the field very well in a thorough, academic way. The temptation to quote is irresistible, and will be indulged for a minute or two:

> . . . We as a society have handled [alcoholism] shamefully. Not only is an ignorant, moralistic, and punitive attitude rampant among lay people; it thrives among the care-taking professions as well. . . .
>
> . . . Pharmacologically, alcohol is not the popularly envisioned stimulant, but rather a rapidly acting, continuous depressant. . . .
>
> No matter how long a time the alcoholic is sober, the overwhelming evidence to date is that if he begins to drink again, his responses with alcohol will be pathological. . . .
>
> Neurosis has been a handy culprit in explaining away alcoholism as well as other ills. As Lolli says, however, Italian drinking habits, "when neurotic traits are present, seldom or never lead to excessive or uncontrolled use of alcohol." Of course, the Jew is reported to suffer his fair share of neuroses, and yet he avoids the scourge of alcoholism. . . .
>
> It is not surprising that we have had to reject all single factors offered as sole etiological agents of alcoholism. We can accept single-factor causality only rarely in any kind of problem, medical or otherwise. Tuberculosis, for example, is not caused by the tubercle bacillus alone. More people have been exposed to tubercle bacillus *without* becoming tuberculous than have developed the condition. What appears to be the case is that environmental, physiological, social, cultural, and psychological factors combine with the necessary tubercle bacillus to cause tuberculosis. A similar complex of psycho-physiological and socio-cultural disturbances must operate in the individual to produce an alcoholic.

The authors, of course, accept the fact that alcoholism is a disease, and they discuss at length its "causes." They review the theories and definitions of alcoholism, and they discuss drinking in different cultures (their dissertation on alcoholism among the Irish, particularly, is instructive, interesting, and even, yes, entertaining). Government programs on alcoholism are discussed, and the Rutgers Center of Alcohol Studies, The National Council on Alcoholism, and Alcoholics Anonymous are reviewed at length. The book concludes with a chapter on the authors' concept of alcoholism prevention ("Our Method of Prevention"), which if one is looking for something concrete or practical to grab hold of, leaves one with exactly nothing but vague abstractions.

NOW, it is not the authors' fault that this reviewer is an alcoholic himself; but this fact makes it difficult for me to be objective about their work. Often they do not see the woods for the trees; they lose track of the idea that at the center of the problem lies the individual; they keep looking for reasons, reasons, reasons. Every self-aware alcoholic knows that it's far too late to worry or wonder about what made him an alcoholic; the point is, he *is* one; and even if he were able to uncover the set of circumstances that made him that way, he'd still be an alcoholic unable to drink and get away with it. And nowhere in this book is there a mention, much less a discussion, of the fact that there are many otherwise healthy people so constituted *physically* that they are unable to drink without a compulsion for more setting in, whether they are neurotic or not; that for them it is the drink, and nothing else, that makes them drink.

In his brief Foreword to this book, Dr. Solomon, after citing the work and study being done by the many different agencies dealing with alcoholism today, winds up wistfully: "It is interesting that the evidence gathered by all these different approaches has not as yet led to a solution of the problem." Very true, and it seems to me a good deal more than just "interesting."

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The Reasonable Road to Rome

Aubrey Menen—"an old hand at seeing through masks and shams."

"Speaking the Language Like a Native," by Aubrey Menen *(McGraw-Hill. 237 pp. $5.50), outlines a Little Grand Tour for those who would know Greece and Rome without going bankrupt. A novelist and former correspondent in Italy, Ned Calmer in now stationed in New York, where he conducts the weekly television program "WCBS-TV Views the Press."*

By NED CALMER

NO TOURIST paradise in recent years has so thoroughly needed a debunking as Italy. We have reason to be grateful to Aubrey Menen for doing the job at last, and for doing it so well. It is not, he makes clear in this collection of *Holiday* magazine pieces, that Italy is anything less than the loveliest country on earth. But, please, let us not gild the lily, nor turn away from the lily's imperfections with rapturously closed eyes.

A product himself of three separate cultures, and an old hand at seeing through masks and shams, Mr. Menen was aware that civilization was invented by the Italians, whereas the rest of the world simply invented "the means to reduce us all to savages over a weekend." So he, like some other discerning souls, went to Italy to see what he had missed. There he has remained. His genial advice to those who pass through more briefly should prove salutary, if it doesn't disillusion them too much.

To begin with, no matter how long you may stay, never fool yourself into believing you have mastered the language. Unless it comes to you with your mother's milk, it's better to stick to your own tongue. Italians don't feel charitable toward self-fancied experts, even though they may be polite enough not to tell them so.

For visitors with no time for extensive travels in Italy, Mr. Menen has concocted a Little Grand Tour, which is limited in distance but limitless in the ancient glories it evokes. "Know Greece and Rome Without Going Bankrupt," he calls it, and proceeds to escort you from Amalfi to Paestum to Pompeii and finally to Cumae, perhaps the most perfect site in classical Italy. In subsequent chapters your guide explores the Vatican in engagingly irreverent style, wittily looks at San Gimignano through the eyes of an unimpressed native of that celebrated hill town, slyly uncovers the truth about the Milanese, hotly supports Naples against its detractors, deflates Capri—especially the myth of its beautiful weather—and concludes with an especially helpful chapter entitled "What Rome Is Not."

Here, as in earlier passages, Mr. Menen indulges in a long parable to illustrate his views. It is his least successful device, probably because of a stilted coyness that somehow creeps into his manner. There were other surprises for this reader, including a foolish paean to Domenico Modugno, whom Mr. Menen regards as a great folk artist, and the statement that many foreign cities have more impressive Catholic religious ceremonies than Rome. Has Mr. Menen never seen a papal consistory?

His Beat Is the Papal City

"A Reporter Looks at the Vatican," by Barrett McGurn *(Coward-McCann. 316 pp. $5), describes the people and organizations that control the activities of the center of Catholic action. Father John LaFarge, S.J., is an associate editor of America. He is the author of "The Manner Is Ordinary" and other books, and contributed to "Religion and Our Divided Denominations."*

By JOHN LAFARGE

WHATEVER notions we may hold about the Vatican, whether we regard it with holy veneration or treat it cynically as a curious cultural survival (pretty stiff survival, close on to 2,000 years), one fact is startlingly evident. The Vatican today is news: big news, spot news, indispensable news.

What happens in Rome, as center of the universal or Catholic Church, is of intense personal interest to people of all beliefs and political persuasions, all over the world. Hence the reporting of Vatican doings, personalities, and movements is a top-flight job, calling for a most observant and intelligible reporter. It requires a man with insatiable appetite for minute personal details. It also requires a man of courage, initiative, and an incredible fund of patience; for, along with the transcendent newsworthiness of the Vatican, the Rome correspondent of a great metropolitan daily finds himself squarely confronted with the really incredible Roman paradox. There is, or rather has been up to the very latest times, extreme reluctance on the part of the Vatican to take any but the most formal, conventional type of initiative on its own.

This conservative attitude in the field of public relations is entirely strange; it derives from a long historical background and a multitude of disagreeable experiences. Hence an understand-

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able tendency to handle publicity in good old chancellery style—by discreet leads and authoritative denials rather than by furnishing the news in advance. However, the tide has turned. No longer does highly informed Monsignor Pueci peddle important items at so much per. The news is beginning to come in normal ways; and the man who is most responsible for that change is the brilliant Rome correspondent of New York's *Herald Tribune*, Barrett McGurn.

"A Reporter Looks at the Vatican" is a perfectly candid book. The author speaks with complete frankness of the rough and very human accidents attached to the substance of an institution divinely founded but operating in the full, turbid stream of men's passions, ambitions, divisions. Yet Mr. McGurn is true enongh to the dignity of his profession as an international journalist to steer clear of the trivial stuff any cub reporter can pick up at the nearest bar.

Two-thirds of the book are devoted to profiles of the late Pope Pius XII, and of the present Pontiff, John XXIII. A minutely detailed description of the last days and the death of Pius XII reflect the tense atmosphere surrounding that event, and its repercussions abroad.

Mr. McGurn is an American, and is particularly happy describing the bonds that have grown up between this country and Rome as a result of our war and postwar history. In many ways it is an epic story. But the author minces no words in telling of some of the vagaries of Italian popular Catholicism.

He offers no projects for reform. He is a reporter, not a prophet. "Nothing is so intangible," he says, "as man's relationship with God, and very little is so insistent and insatiable as a reporter's hunt for quick 'hard' news." Barrett McGurn has devoted more than two decades to that precise task. As a result, he is now one of the outstanding religious reporters of our century.

Edward B. Williams—"self-effacement."

THE ACCUSED

Counsel for the Defense

"One Man's Freedom," by Edward Bennett Williams *(Atheneum. 325 pp. $5.95), discusses such matters as censorship, capital punishment, and the right of even the most unpopular defendants to good legal representation. Telford Taylor was U.S. chief of counsel at the Nuremberg trials. His books include "Sword and Swastika" and "March of Conquest."*

By TELFORD TAYLOR

DESPITE the title and the lowering photograph of the author on the dust jacket, this book is not an account of Mr. Williams's life in or out of court. It is a rather impersonal work, and the reader will not finish it much the wiser about the idiosyncracies or basic drives of Mr. Williams's prominent clients (*e.g.*, Frank Costello, James R. Hoffa, and the late Senator Joe McCarthy) or, indeed, those of the author himself.

To be sure, Mr. Williams's courtroom activities furnish a sort of backdrop for the text. They are often referred to, but generally their purpose is to provide a *point de depart* for analysis of the particular issues they illustrate. Thanks to this graceful self-effacement and a lucid, simple style, Mr. Williams's book is refreshingly direct, dignified, and readable.

But neither in subject matter nor point of view is "One Man's Freedom" unusual or original. Mr. Williams is primarily concerned with censorship, capital punishment, civil rights, and —above all—safeguarding the rights of the accused. Since the Second World War these issues have absorbed much of the Supreme Court's time and attention, and have precipitated numerous books and articles, both lay and professional, of which a good example is Alan Barth's recent study of police methods of detection, arrest, and prosecution, "The Price of Liberty."

Like Mr. Barth, Mr. Williams is a strong libertarian. He is against wiretapping, eavesdropping, Congressional investigative excesses, faceless informers, news or television cameras in the committee or court room, censorship of anything but "hard-core pornography," and capital punishment. He sets forth the reasons for his opinions with great force and every evidence of deep conviction, and with a wealth of practical illustrations that give color and vitality to his thesis.

Almost buried in the second chapter is a sentence that seems, to this reviewer, the most unusual and significant observation in the book. Approached to undertake the defense of Igor Melekh, a Soviet Russian employee of the United Nations, against espionage charges, Mr. Williams laid down the standards which govern his representation of "unpopular" (or, presumably, any) clients: "total candor, total control over the case, and what I regarded as fair compensation."

Candor is, of course, a highly desirable attribute of any client; his counsel does well to demand it, but cannot always be sure, even when the case is over, that he has been given full measure. Control over the case, on the other hand, is a *sine qua non* for any lawyer who values his reputation as an independent practitioner. The lawyer who defends those accused of murder, or sedition, or some other heinous offense rightly objects to being tainted in the public mind by the crime charged or the unpopularity of his client. But this claim to professional immunity is greatly weakened, if not destroyed, when the lawyer allows the client to dictate the conduct of the case, and degrades his own role to that of a mouthpiece—much as if a doctor should leave it to the patient to decide whether an appendix or a duodenal ulcer should be removed, or a clergyman allow a church benefactor to govern the content of his sermons.

HOWEVER, in terms of "unpopular causes" the phrase "fair compensation" is crucial. The American lawyer who defended Colonel Rudolf Abel carefully announced that he would use his fee for educational philanthropy. Other lawyers have ostentatiously refused fees from "tainted" sources, or have declined to take controversial cases except by court appointment.

It is most refreshing that Mr. Williams will have none of such nonsense, and regrettable that he did not enlarge on this matter in his book. If it is professionally proper to take a case at all, it is equally proper to charge a fee, regardless of the client's reputation or

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the nature of the charge against him. Of course, if the client has no resources, that is another question; in law as in medicine the practitioner hopes that his wealthier clients will make it possible for him to assist those who can pay little or nothing. But to reject a fee because one disapproves of the client or abhors the accusation is professionally unsound and basically hypocritical. This reviewer, for one, hopes that the USSR paid Mr. Williams well for his representation of Igor Melekh.

Whoever selected the title for Mr. Williams's book ought first to have read it. One man's freedom? There is no such thing. Freedom is not personal property; it is an attribute of men in association with each other, intended to foster the individuality and security of each. As Mr. Williams's book eloquently demonstrates, it is one of the law's most noble purposes to protect the common freedom, and the lawyer who helps to accomplish this for his client serves all men.

Four Decades of Doubt

"Tragedy in Dedham: The Story of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case," by Francis Russell *(McGraw-Hill. 478 pp. $7.95), attempts to determine whether the two Italian anarchists were actually guilty of the murders that became a cause célèbre. Roger N. Baldwin, a former director of the American Civil Liberties Union, was involved in their defense.*

By ROGER N. BALDWIN

AFTER the great mass of material published over the years about the memorable trial in the Twenties of Sacco and Vanzetti, Italian anarchists executed in Boston for the murder of a factory paymaster and his guard, it is astounding that another book should now attempt to supplement the record. Francis Russell's justification lies in his quest to resolve his doubts regarding their innocence or guilt. A writer and critic who lives in the Massachusetts county where the trial took place, he was impelled by youthful memories of his acceptance of their guilt, and his subsequent doubts, to undertake an eight years' task of interviewing and research.

There can be no doubt of the scrupulous care with which he examined the voluminous evidence, the conflicting claims and explanations, and tracked down every living person who had anything to do with the case —and there was a surprising number still surviving after forty years. Moreover, he records his investigations so skilfully that "Tragedy in Dedham" is as engrossing as a first-class detective story.

But, despite an open-minded approach, Russell became convinced as he unraveled the tangled story that Sacco at least was involved. Vanzetti, he concluded, was innocent. Dissatisfied with the previous expert testimony concerning the bullet that had killed the guard, Russell had new ballistic tests made by qualified authorities. They showed, he says, that the fatal bullet came from the gun taken from Sacco the night of his arrest. He adds, "Even if one accepts the possibility that someone other than Sacco fired the Colt, Sacco knew who that someone was." On this dubious evidence of a test forty years later of a bullet not impounded, plus some quoted personal opinion, Russell rests a shaky case for Sacco's involvement, a case weakened by his own reference to "Sacco, whatever his guilt."

These conclusions are the sum of Russell's painstaking researches: that one innocent man was executed along with one who may have been guilty or at worst had guilty knowledge. What an indictment of justice! No proof of guilt beyond a reasonable doubt; no review of the facts by a higher court; no new trial in the face of mountainous doubts, after an unfair trial in an atmosphere surcharged with prejudice against anarchists and Italians.

Many people Russell interviewed advised him to let the case alone after all these years. He should have. He adds nothing substantial to what was known. Doubts he sought to resolve remain, even for him. But over and above them stands the tragedy he unfolds in the conflicting social forces that drove Massachusetts after six long years to an execution not only indefensible by American concepts of justice but so embedded in class prejudice and fear of alien radicals that it will endure as a classic and tormenting indictment of society itself.

It is in that dimension only that Mr. Russell has a warrant for so late a reconstruction of a familiar story.

Books in the News

Continued from page 21

"I found him [Cyrille Adoula] an exceedingly able, thoughtful, and dedicated man, and I am convinced from certain of his statements that he is strongly anti-Communist." Later: "We must build this unity around the indispensable figures of Prime Minister Adoula and President Tshombe, whom I consider two of the greatest statesmen free Africa has yet produced."

The Senator opposes secession by Katanga province, assures us that Tshombe really doesn't want to secede but wants a loose confederation, rather than a federation, with the central government. That would mean that the Senator considers Tshombe the Premier of a province, Katanga, not the ruler of an independent Katanga nation. Yet, oddly, he refers to the man in the language of Sir Roy Welensky and Union Minière, as "President" Tshombe.

These are minor inconsistencies, perhaps. If the Senator were not so hipped on anti-Communism, he might rate as one of our foremost liberals and foreign policy experts in Congress. But his paranoid anti-Communism leads him to equate nuclear testing with anti-Communism, and to generalize that peace-marchers are "Communists," "publicity seekers," "screwballs," although they include "many sincere, dedicated pacifists . . . who simply cannot believe that Communism is totally evil."

Senator Dodd is a champion of democracy and deserves our lustiest cheers, for democracy emphasizes means rather than ends, in contrast to the Soviet totalitarian concept that ends justify means. But the Senator applauds the Congressional Red-chasing committees despite their perhaps unwitting adoration of the Soviet dogma that ends justify means.

In a Preface, the publisher says that Dodd "is disturbed by the bitter cleavage in American society today; and he is convinced that liberals and conservatives can and must unite for freedom."

Heaven protect us! If our liberals ever united with conservatives we'd end up in the same intellectual strait jacket we deplore in the Communist societies. Freedom must be exercised or it will atrophy. It is exercised only when there is dissent, controversy, debate, and vigorous disagreement.

Let Senator Dodd remain a liberal and challenge the conservatives as he so ably does. One might only wish that he wore the banner more proudly and applied to the problems of the cold war the same logic he displays as a champion of civil rights and justice.

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Travel

Continued from page 30

the bass were at Corn Hill begging for worms, or at Ballston with newly flown-in worms when they were biting at the inlet on squid. Only sheer perseverance, which rewarded me on the very last day with one respectable flounder, kept me from a season's shutout.

The best fisherman in the area is, hands down, Joseph Schoonejongen, the proprietor of the general store, who came to Truro five years ago from Teaneck, New Jersey, where he had been a supervisor in an aircraft company. Although the store is only four years old, and although it is only fully operative four or five months a year, Schoonejongen and his wife spent two and a half months last winter touring Europe. They covered France, Italy, Switzerland, England, and Belgium, as well as Holland, the home of his forebears. Schoonejongen's profits derive from a wide stock that includes New York and Boston newspapers, groceries, medical supplies, sand eels, sea worms, gasoline, and fish and clams which he catches himself and which he has cleaned by the staff. He also operates an automatic laundry that is open twenty-four hours a day. The staff includes his wife and an assortment of youngsters who take a shine to him and who attach themselves to the family. Tony Perkins, the actor, who took to eating at the Schoonejongen homestead during a trip to Truro some years ago, is a fast friend of the family. Schoonejongen visited him on the set in Rome last year. A current favorite is Peter Anthony, son of the director Joe Anthony, who lives now in the eleven-room house which Schoonejongen bought last year in Wellfleet.

While everyone is outraged by the prices Schoonejongen affixes to his merchandise—34 cents for a quart of milk and 89 cents for a pound of cherries were some of the going prices this summer—no one takes real offense. Schoony's is the place to go to exchange the gossip and find out where the fish are biting. Schoony himself is considered a sort of benevolent pirate who extracts gold from the rich. The fact that he keeps it for himself doesn't seem to make anyone lastingly unhappy. When the Cape Cod National Seashore becomes an actuality, Schoonejongen will find himself in the catbird's seat with federal lands all around him and the tourists streaming past the front door. Meanwhile things aren't so bad now. While the July persons and true Truroites are buying his milk, his papers, and his bait, he passes the time fishing. There is rarely a night when he doesn't bring in thirty-five bass. When it gets too cold to fish, the hunting season is upon him. Once that is over he closes the store and heads for the tourist trails. The profits from this year's store-keeping and fishing will take him to Mexico for the winter.

One of the items on sale in Schoonejongen's store is a mimeograph newspaper called *Park Here* which is written and produced in the household of E. J. Kahn, Jr., the *New Yorker* editor who spends his summers in Truro and is therefore a true Truroite. While *Park Here* purports to be a paper about all of Truro, there are some dissident voices who think it is in fact a weekly diary of the exploits of the Kahn family. The masthead lists the young Kahn sons as the editors, and stories frequently carry their by-lines, but some observers, July persons probably, read into the precise prose the polished hand of a *New Yorker* craftsman. Only one non-Kahn is on the staff, Colonel R. T. Chaplin, USA Retired, formerly Provost Marshall in the Far East, who is *Park Here*'s crabbing correspondent.

WITH the presence in Truro of so many writers, it was inevitable that some of the vacationing practitioners be moved to take a swipe at *Park Here*. More than once, following an evening of barbecuing, groups of conspirators gathered about the gin bottle to work up lampoon issues of *Park Here*. Although none of these editions actually got to press, the editorial meetings usually ended with the plotters convulsed on the floor while hilarity bounced off the paper-thin walls and echoed down the sandy lanes. The lampoon paper, one such meeting decided, would be called *Poke Here* and would sell at Schoonejongen's at two copies for 5 cents. The masthead included Aga Khan, editor; Sadrutin Khan, associate editor; Kubla Khan, overseas correspondent; Otto Khan, treasurer. The paper had no crabbing correspondent, but it did have a griping correspondent, Field Marshal Sir Irving Montgomery of Weehawken. The lead story told how the Truro little league team, led by the Khan boys, Aga, Sadrutin, and Kubla, had swamped the visiting New York Yankees 93 to 7, when one of the Kahn boys Kahnnected with a homer and the score was tallied by one of Schoonejongen's adding machines. The story carried the by-line of Bob Kahnsidine.

Alas, before the staff could find a spare mimeograph machine, July was over and most of the visiting July persons had to return to their jobs on the nation's magazines and networks. Truro was left to such permanent summer residents as E. J. Kahn, Jr., and Lee Falk, who, for the month of August, were joined by a new colony consisting mainly of psychiatrists. Why writers come to Truro in July and psychiatrists come in August is as deep a mystery to science and to me as the marvel of the monarch butterflies who come to nest in Pacific Grove near Monterey, California, each year. With so many psychiatrists nesting there among Truro's sandy pines, Ballston Beach, in the wane of summer, is said to be about the only place in the country where, if you lie down on the sand and talk to a stranger for an hour, you're liable to get a bill for $15.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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WHAT HARVARD DISCOVERED ABOUT YOUNG MOTHERS

Two years ago, after publishing an article titled "Why Young Mothers Feel Trapped," Redbook Magazine asked its readers to write about their own thoughts and experiences. Since then more than 25,000 busy young women have submitted manuscripts of 1,000 words or more for publication.

The Harvard School of Public Health, long interested in how people cope with crises, sensed a gold mine of material in this series. With the authors' permission, 800 manuscripts were released to Harvard for professional study and evaluation.

The results of the Harvard study have just been published in a report, "Crises of Young Mothers." A brief summary of what the researchers discovered about young American women under pressure can be found on page 4 of the September issue of Redbook. And in the same issue there is a fuller report by Redbook's editors under the title of "I Don't Feel Trapped Any More."

Commenting on the manuscripts submitted to Redbook, the Harvard researchers observed: *"We got the impression that in many cases, writing in to Redbook Magazine filled a need...over and above the desire to win $500 and publication. These purposes seemed to be of two kinds: a desire to seek a response from others; a desire to seek relief from feelings left over from the crisis itself."*

When a magazine gets this close to its readers, it is clear that a very special kind of relationship has been established. It is a unique relationship that has resulted in a unique publishing achievement—nine consecutive years of increases in both circulation and advertising linage.

REDBOOK THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS

230 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK—AND CHICAGO, BOSTON, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO. CIRCULATION BASE: 3,600,000

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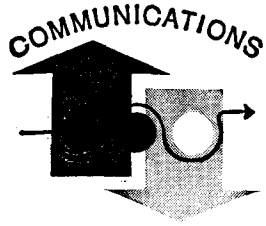
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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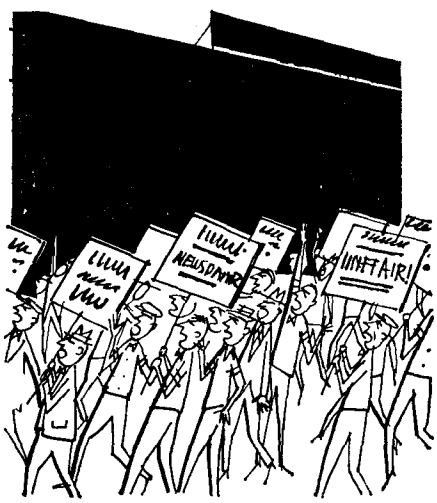

Just How Free Is the Press?

A FEW weeks ago, deliveries of the afternoon Scripps-Howard newspaper the *Cleveland Press* were interrupted because the International Association of Machinists had taken a full-page ad the Teamsters Union found distasteful. A bitter National Labor Relations Board election was raging in a nearby shock-absorber plant between Teamsters Local 293 and Machinists Local 233 for the bargaining rights of about 1,000 employees. The *Press* ad was part of a vigorous campaign for votes and had nothing whatever to do with the Cleveland newspaper, its ownership, its policies, its own labor problems, or the Scripps-Howard affiliation. The action was solely involved with statements appearing in the paid advertising copy, opinions that did not set well with the Hoffa union, which had a perfect right to answer by counteradvertisement.

Delivery of the paper's early edition was promptly halted. The teamsters made it clear they would continue to prevent delivery of the paper unless two lines of copy were deleted. It is beside the point that the paper's management had independently deleted these two offending lines after the first edition came upstairs and that delivery of the later editions therefore went on uninterrupted. The point is that the right of one side to speak its mind under traditional freedom of the press had been denied through the coercive act of a tiny group of wilful men. On the basis of this action, the *Cleveland Press* might expect that future delivery of its papers would forever be subject to the teamsters' likes and dislikes—and in Mr. Hoffa's world this isn't so far-fetched as it sounds.

The Cleveland case isn't unique. Freedom of the press and objectivity of coverage are currently in heavy weather. Indeed, the traditional dispassionate objectivity of those who write and edit the news was seriously tested at the American Newspaper Guild's twenty-ninth annual convention in Buffalo a few weeks ago. Delegates from locals all over America approved a series of resolutions committing all Guild members to endorsement of the King-Anderson Medical Care Bill, another bill in Congress granting the Justice Department the right to subpoena records in civil antitrust cases, and several other highly controversial measures. These resolutions are what labor union conventions call "political action," and one may feel quite strongly in favor of every resolution approved by the Guild this summer and still question the right to place traditional news objectivity in jeopardy. For men and women who write and edit the news are not quite in the same business as men and women working in a factory. News as a democratic commodity requires completely dispassionate presentation. It is not a routine process that seldom changes, day after day; it requires a fresh (and objective) approach with each item in each day's paper. Might a Guild local refuse to put out a paper because it disagrees with some editorial policy of the publisher? Maybe this is far-fetched, but then so was the disruption of newspaper deliveries by Cleveland teamsters who disliked what they read. In either case,

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freedom of the press would mean very little.

In the summer of 1960, a "one-big-union" newspaper movement began to roll at the Guild's Chicago convention, and later the International Typographical Union, meeting in Denver, supported it heartily. Then the United Papermakers and Paperworkers said they wanted to be "included in," and a few weeks ago the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union was asked to lead the way to a single vertical union organization, one that could shut down just about every newspaper in the U.S. with a nationwide strike. Talk of such a strike by the unions may be extravagant and lead to nothing at all. We can't believe that the purpose of trade unionism in the newspaper business is to shut down the free press of America. Just the same, every newspaper in Italy was closed for two days in June when just such a vertical union organization decided it didn't like the things some Italian editors were writing in their columns.

If you want sympathy for vertical unionism in the newspaper business, don't go to Minneapolis, where the *Star* and *Tribune* have now resumed publication after a 117-day strike protracted beyond all common sense by the same Teamsters Union which interrupted delivery of the *Cleveland Press* a few weeks ago. Five-sixths of the readers interviewed in Minneapolis during the protracted strike found their personal lives profoundly affected because they had no daily paper to read. Business fell way off in such widely assorted fields as real estate, amusements, used cars, and supermarkets. Minnesotans hungry for details—small social items, financial tables, box scores, classified advertising—felt a hole in their lives for which radio and TV were simply no substitute. Meetings went unattended, musical events lost audiences, and even big national and international events somehow lacked the authority of the written record. One of the nation's longest newspaper strikes had accomplished at least one thing: proof positive that you can't get along without a good newspaper and that there's simply no substitute for news you can read and go back to again and again for reference. —R.L.T.

Introducing a New By-Liner

Ernest Havemann, a frequent contributor to magazines, earns his entire living from free-lance writing, though not in the field of humor he describes on page 64.

Letters to the Communications Editor

"AN AUDACITY ALL TOO LACKING"

IN PUBLISHING "The Government Copyright Racket" by Herbert Brucker [*SR*, Aug. 11], you have once again demonstrated an audacity all too lacking in the American press.

For years many editors have been well aware of the rapidly growing tendency of government agencies to place copyright restrictions on the contents of officially commissioned works, but there has been a strange reluctance to challenge this tendency. Permit me to make a few comments:

In the short run some periodical and book publishers have, of course, benefited by exclusives from government agencies and executives. In the long run, however, every publisher stands to lose much if, as is now proposed, governmental copyrighting becomes a legalized practice.

Governmental copyrighting is equivalent to government licensing—the evil that evoked John Milton's eloquent tract, "Areopagitica," the foundation stone of Western freedom of the press.

The present trend is particularly serious because the federal government is today the major source of information in practically every field of endeavor. Although $12 billion is currently being expended on federal research, only a negligible portion of unclassified findings is being made accessible to the public through non-copyrighted media.

By deftly taking advantage of nonenforcement of Section 8 of the Copyright Act, one public official was able to supplement his income to the extent of $287,000.

Contrary to popular belief, copyrighted material is not automatically available to the public. Strictly speaking, copyright, a legalized form of monopoly, can be obtained by merely registering two typed copies of a work; no other copies need ever exist.

The purpose and phrasing of Section 8 of the Copyright Act are so crystal clear that the Copyright Office should have no difficulty in fulfilling its responsibility to enforce this portion of the law. However, its laxity is understandable in light of the fact that its extensive recommendations for the revision of the Copyright Act do not include a proposal that the phrase "publication of the United States Government" be defined, but it does urge legalization of governmental copyrighting.

M. B. SCHNAPPER,
Editor,
Public Affairs Press.
Washington, D.C.

HERBERT BRUCKER in his piece "The Government Copyright Racket" exposes an important topic to *Saturday Review*'s alert audience. In general, it seems to me, his position is sound and his point well made, but in this short article he attempts to paint an enormous subject with much too broad a brush. Consequently, he presents an oversimplified case for an involved and complicated topic.

Despite Mr. Brucker's allusion to the contrary, copyright has seldom been used as a device for limiting or censoring the use of government information. On the other hand, it often has been used to increase the dissemination of certain kinds of government-produced materials in the form of commercial publication, and usually such dissemination has resulted in substantial benefits to the government and the taxpayer, as well as to the commercial publishing firms involved.

An outstanding instance of government benefits derived from commercial publication of technical materials produced under government contract with government funds is the twenty-eight-volume Radiation Laboratory Series, which was published by our firm over a six-year period, 1947-53. The record shows that we have invested almost $500,000 in manufacturing this important series, and about $200,000 more for editing and administrative expenses. To the end of 1961, we had sold approximately 282,000 volumes of the series for a sales income of approximately $1,621,000. On this volume of sales, we have paid $247,000 royalties into the U.S. Treasury. In this instance the government derived three kinds of benefits: (1) the saving of out-of-pocket investment in publication, (2) the direct revenue from royalty payments, and (3) indirect revenue from taxes paid on our profits on sales. At a rough estimate, these benefits have totaled more than $1,000,000; hence, the government gained this much by the decision to contract from commercial publication. Moreover, I think it can safely be said that the government-produced technical information contained in the Radiation Laboratory Series gained far wider dissemination and use in commercial form than it would have gained if published as a series of research reports by the Government Printing Office. Indeed, much of this information probably would never have been finished and published in the form of research reports. I know for certain that the national need to have this large and highly important body of technical material well published and widely distributed was uppermost in the minds of Vannevar Bush and Karl Compton when they insisted that publication should be contracted to a commercial firm.

It seems to me that much would be lost if benefits such as those cited in connection with the Radiation Laboratory Series were swept aside by court ruling or executive regulation. Rather, interested parties should work jointly for new, sound

(*Continued on page 70*)

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WHAT TELSTAR CANNOT DO

By R. W. APPLE, JR.

SOMETHING about a technological breakthrough destroys the equilibrium of usually sensible men. They are overcome either by gee-whizism—whose chief symptom in this context is a compulsion to compare the latest innovation to the invention of the wheel—or by antediluvianism—whose victims suffer from the conviction that the world was a better place when it was flat. Thus television was going to bring Broadway plays into every living room, thereby accomplishing the great cultural revolution of our times; the telephone was going to stunt the birth rate by interrupting the procreative rites of the populace.

The current *wunderkind* of the scientific world is the American Telephone and Telegraph Company's Telstar satellite, and it has provoked precisely this sort of reaction. Most of the comment has been rhapsodic, which is not surprising to anyone who saw the television pictures relayed from all corners of Europe by the satellite. But at the same time there has been a good deal of viewing-with-alarm, all of it generated by the fear that the nonculture of the New World is about to pollute the culture of the Old. Mr. Toynbee, in the *New York Times Magazine*, stated the axiom: "Anything broadcast or televised at any point on our planet's surface is soon going to be audible and visible at every other point on earth." And one of the volunteer pundits in *Time* magazine's letters department supplied the corollary: "Telstar will be viewed by future generations as being of as much benefit to European culture as the sacking of Rome by the Goths."

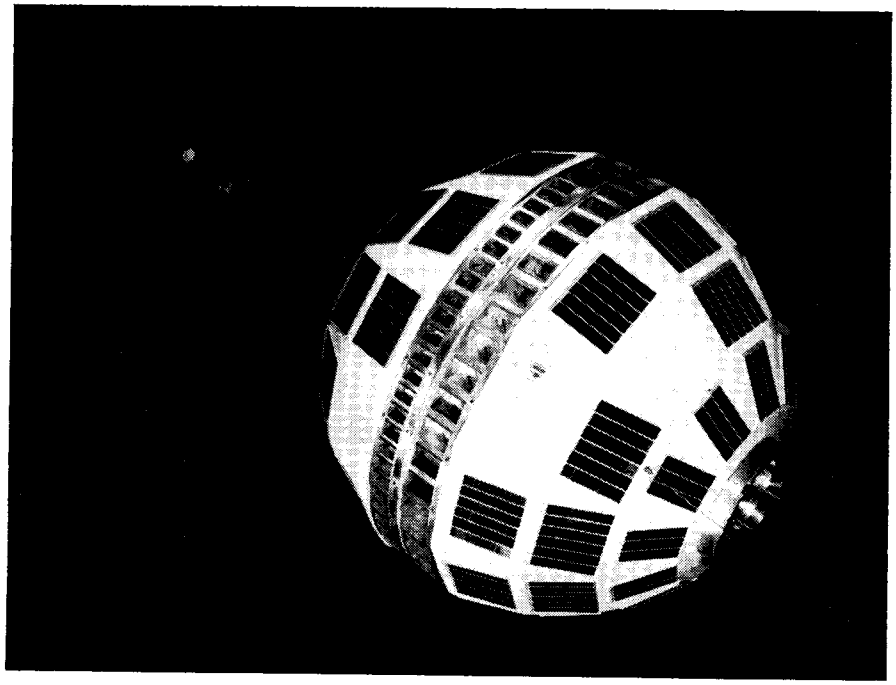
Of course, it is absurd to blame Telstar, or AT&T, for whatever the satellite may transmit. The satellite after all, is a tool; it has no more taste and no more morality than a screwdriver. If it *is* used to relay Bonanza or Ben Casey or Hawaiian Eye to Europe, then the American networks which sell the the programs *and* the European networks which buy them will be the villains—not Telstar. (It is already fashionable in Britain to blame ABC and CBS and NBC for exporting trash without blaming ATV or the BBC for importing it.) The telephone is equally adept at summoning a doctor in the middle of the night or at distributing racing results to bookmakers, and Telstar's technical virtuosity is just as blind.

More important, there are perfectly sound reasons why Telstar is not likely, in any case, to become an instrument for the debasement of Old World culture. The Europeans, especially the British, already see on tape or on film a substantial number of American programs. Since there seems to be no perceptible social good in having people in Boston and people in Liverpool see Eliot Ness rid the world of the same public enemy on the same night, no effort is made to co-ordinate programming in the two countries. Even if there were some special reason for showing a program simultaneously here and abroad—say, a play related to Christmas—there is no reason why the tapes or the films of the program could not be flown across the Atlantic, since such programs are always ready weeks in advance.

Indeed, that would be the better way to manage things. During the peak viewing hours in the eastern United States (roughly 7:30 to 11 P.M.), most of Europe is asleep. And during the peak viewing hours in Rome, most of the United States is at work. Admittedly, this problem could be overcome by a system of delayed broadcasts like the one that now enables a U.S. network to offer the same program at the same time across the United States. But it would cost money.

Money, in fact, is the crux of the matter. An extra print of an hour-long film program such as Dr. Kildare, the production budget having been met by the American sponsor, costs about $125; the freight charges from Hollywood to London come to about $30 more. So for just over $150, the U.S. network can deliver to the BBC a one-hour film program. A tape of a live program is somewhat more costly—in the neighborhood of $600 for a one-hour show. There are, of course, no rate cards for Telstar, and AT&T is unwilling even to guess how much it might cost to send a program across the Atlantic. But it is known that one figure under consideration is $3,500 for five minutes, and the experts doubt that the final figure will be much lower. On that tentative basis, it would cost $42,000 to send a single episode of Dr. Kildare from the U.S. to Europe—almost 275 times the cost of making and shipping a film print. No industry so firmly committed to the profit system as U.S. television is likely to commit this sort of economic suicide.

To many people, Telstar seems the best weapon of propaganda since Tokyo Rose. This is a second reason for their fear that the dross of television



Telstar in Orbit—"a purveyor of spectacle." —*Wide World.*

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will monopolize the satellite; they are worried that what they call America's image will suffer. In a speech made long before the satellite was launched, Edward R. Murrow, grand wizard of U.S. propaganda, described to the National Association of Broadcasters the impact of Telstar on his clientele. "Around this globe," he said, "there are many people who seek only to lift from their lives a crushing weight of existence. There will be many with starving bellies, diseased children and squalid hovels who will turn with but marginal interest to your new television. And what will you have to say to them?" The answer, appalling though it may be to the broadcasters, is nothing.

SHORT-WAVE radio has for years been the dominant instrument of international propaganda, and it has enabled governments to appeal directly to people living under unfriendly regimes. Give a man in South Vietnam a radio, and he can listen to the Voice of America or Radio Moscow. But give the same man a television set, and he can see precisely nothing—even with Telstar. In South Vietnam or in West Africa, a television program is about as effective a weapon of propaganda as a motion picture in a country with no movie houses.

Nowhere in the world is there a television set capable of receiving a signal directly from Telstar. Only fantastically expensive special antennas, like the 300-ton behemoth at Andover, Maine, can pick up the satellite's faint signals. To put the program on home television screens, there must be a network of conventional stations—another costly proposition. For countries just entering the industrial revolution, such expenditures are unthinkable. And even in the more advanced nations, many of which *will* have antennas, governments own most of the TV networks. The governments therefore will be able to censor every program sent by Telstar. Mr. Khrushchev need not build new transmitters to jam Telstar broadcasts; he need only throw a switch. Turn the antenna off, and the Face of America will corrupt not a single Soviet soul.

What, then, will be the uses of Telstar? It will be a purveyor of spectacle —coronations and royal weddings, Olympic Games and Papal convocations, ticker-tape parades and political conventions—all live and instantaneous. Neither time nor money will matter, for the essence of spectacle is immediacy. To see such events as they happen, millions will wake up before dawn, as they did to hear broadcasts of the coronation of Elizabeth. To put them on the air, the networks will spend money lavishly, as they did to cover the flights of Colonel Glenn and Commander Shepard.

For more prosaic events, Telstar will be used in a more prosaic way. News cameramen will film, for example, a meeting between Adenauer and De Gaulle. The Paris correspondents for the networks will narrate the film, add whatever other information they want, and feed the whole package by Telstar to the networks' New York newsrooms. Routine foreign news, in other words, will be covered exactly as routine domestic news always has been covered. Until now, it has been almost impossible to get films of anything happening afternoon in Western Europe to New York in time for evening newscasts. Television news, in its coverage of late-breaking foreign stories, has been no different from radio news, except for the dubious pleasure of watching the commentator read it. This need no longer be so. Thus Telstar's most significant accomplishment may be simply to enable television journalism to be more visual.

Ever Stranger Pictures in the Sky

EVEN IF the time and cost factors which Mr. Apple discusses here were manageable, global TV still would be a long way from reality. First of all, TV pictures transmitted by way of earth satellites are transmitted at ultra-high frequencies; to be clear, they must have more lines of light and shade per inch of screen than present-day receiving sets are equipped to record—and thus everybody who now owns a TV set would need to buy a new one. Second, contrary to common supposition, pictures are not a universal language; Latins, Scandinavians, and Germans, for example, simply do not see the same thing when they look at the same picture; anthropologists would have to be employed as censors at every broadcasting station to avoid inadvertent insults and otherwise objectionable messages.

From a short-range point of view, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company's broadcasting of TV pictures via Telstar during the recent unsuccessful U.S. Senate filibuster against private ownership of communication satellites was clever propaganda. But it may mislead the American people about what they can reasonably expect in the near future.

Telstar was not put into the sky as a TV medium. AT&T hired the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to rocket Telstar into orbit as a business proposition; AT&T is in the telephone business and would be false to its stockholders if Telstar and subsequent satellites were not to be primarily engaged in transmitting telephone calls. In any event, of all the possible modes of satellite communication, telephony is the easiest technical achievement. Next comes hi-fi radio, and finally TV. This is purely a matter of bandwidth requirements: a TV picture occupies more space in the electromagnetic spectrum.

My own belief is that when global TV is at last available, entertainment will play only a small part in it. Image-transmission technology will more often be put to such uses as the facsimile posting of letters, thus by-passing the transocean mail in cases where speed is vital. Microfilm copies of books will also be sent back and forth among the great libraries of earth, and to interested scholars. Blocks of coded data will be relayed in similar fashion from one high-speed computer to another in speeding decision-making in far-flung business and industrial enterprises. Weather maps will be broadcast for global forecasting. Closed-circuit TV will make possible international conferences in which the participants do not leave their own office chairs. Diplomacy conceivably could be carried on at so many different levels simultaneously that people-to-people discussions of global problems might become practical.

Our time now would be better occupied in serious analysis of the consequences of such events than in the momentary titillation of a heavenly peep-show.

—JOHN LEAR.

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THE TINY WORLD

By ERNEST HAVEMANN

ED SIMMONS, Boston baby photographer, was an excellent cameraman but a miserable businessman. He and his partner knew they were losing money but thought they merely needed more customers in order to turn the corner. In truth, as they were soon to find out, their expenses were such that they spent about $1.15 for every dollar they took in. A bustling Christmas season proved too much for them. "Business was so good," Simmons recalls ruefully, "that we went broke."

It is from such strange backgrounds that the funniest men in the world today have miraculously popped up. Simmons counted his assets, discovered that he had almost nothing left except his sense of humor, so he decided to see if that was negotiable. He drew his last few hundred dollars from the bank, packed his battered suitcase and his pregnant wife into an ancient automobile, and drove across the continent to seek fame and fortune. His story, appropriately, has a Hollywood ending. He is now the head writer on the Red Skelton television show; he helps Skelton make millions of people laugh every week—and he is said to earn around $100,000 a year.

Simmons is a typical member of that small, fascinating, off-beat group of men (and a handful of women) who are called gag writers—and who provide most of the humor heard on television and radio shows and in movies, plays, and night clubs. The next time you laugh at a funny remark by a comedian like Bob Hope, Milton Berle, or Lucille Ball, not to mention an actor like Rock Hudson or Doris Day, the chances are at least a thousand to one that the joke was invented not by the entertainer but by some gag writer like Ed Simmons, working hectically, indefatigably, and almost anonymously—and getting far richer in the process than writers who labor in a more serious vein.

They are unquestionably the funniest people in the world, and theirs is the world's most exclusive profession, partly because there is no place where it can be learned. It is a profession without a training school; there is nowhere on earth that a young man can go and be taught to be funny. Indeed Larry Klein, one of the best of the gag writers, once decided to improve his style by taking a writing course at the University of California at Los Angeles. The result was a joke of sorts. Klein was the only student in the class who was working full time as a writer, and he was the only one to flunk the course.

Nobody can predict from where the next gag writer will come. Abe Burrows, who recently won a Pulitzer Prize for his work on the script of the Broadway hit "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying," is a former accountant; he worked for five years in Wall Street before he discovered that he was funny. Dr. Jack Weinstock, one of the co-authors of "How to Succeed," is a physician who writes gags as a sideline—and who once interrupted the job to take out his writing partner's appendix. The senior writer on the Jack Benny show is a former musician who decided he could improve on the lines in the musical comedies for which he was beating out rhythm on the drums.

Goodman Ace, the dean of them all, famous since the days of "Easy Aces" on radio and now chief writer for the Perry Como television show, was once drama critic for a Kansas City newspaper.

Gag writing is a gamble, a game of gags to riches. Abe Burrows started by dreaming up jokes for comedian Henny Youngman, who paid him $2 apiece. This was the era when cup-of-coffee jokes were popular. In the granddaddy of them all, a panhandler approached a man who was walking down the street and asked, "Can you spare a dime for a cup of coffee?" "But coffee's only a nickel"—as indeed it was in those days—said the man. The panhandler, unruffled, retorted, "Then won't you join me?"

Burrows began working out improvisations on this basic theme, with the panhandler's requests getting higher and higher. One of his variations went: "Can you spare $1.25 for a cup of coffee? "But coffee's only a nickel." "Yes, but I'd like to drink it in the Paramount Theatre." Eventually he worked up to this version: "Can you spare $2,000 for a cup of tea?" "But tea's only a dime." "Yes, but I'd like to drink it in China."

At this point the joke could be stretched no further; so Burrows dreamed up what gag writers call a reverse twist. By this time the price of coffee had gone up, and the new Burrows version went like this: "Can you spare a nickel for a cup of coffee?" "But coffee's a dime now." "So who buys retail?"

Burrows's practice in improvising new jokes on an old theme proved invaluable. Years later, when he was writing "Silk Stockings," a musical comedy satirizing life among the Communists, Burrows thought of the old joke about the ignorant movie producer who tells his assistant, "Let's get Shakespeare to write our next script." "But Shakespeare's dead," says the assistant. "Oh," says the producer and, then, after a moment's reflection, "I didn't even know he was sick." In "Silk Stockings," Burrows produced a classic variation on this theme by having one Russian say to another, "Don't you know that our friend Prokofiev is dead?" Said the second Russian, "I didn't even know he was arrested."

FEW people are born with the talent to create funny lines, and fewer still have the nerve and patience required to break into the business. In the whole United States today, there are fewer than fifty top television and movie gag writers. Thanks to the scarcity of good jokes, they earn $25,000 to $200,000 a year.

Despite the pay, most of the gag writers do not enjoy their work nearly so much as we in their audiences enjoy the results of it. They are serious, even melancholy men who get up early every morning and go to an office like any businessman. There they rack their brains for eight, ten, twelve, or even more hours at the grim job of being funny. And they know that most of what they write has to be thrown away. The Garry Moore Show presents only about twenty-four minutes of comedy a week, yet requires six writers. The Perry Como Show, with about twenty minutes of humor, has five

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OF GAG WRITERS

writers. As a little arithmetic indicates, the writers on these shows produce an average of only four minutes worth of material a week. Hours and days go by in which they produce nothing and wonder if they will ever manage to be funny again.

Most gag writers work in pairs, trying out their lines on each other as they go along, and hoping that something they say will inspire their partner to a better line. No procedure could be more deflating to the ego. In the words of Mort Lockman, a writer for the Bob Hope shows, "Suppose you had to make up jokes all day, tell them to a partner, and have him greet one after another with a stony silence?" Most gag-writer pairs learn to suffer together, however, and continue working as pairs for years.

EVEN writers who work alone need an audience on which to try their material. Paul Henning, who wrote the script of the movie "Lover Come Back," recalls that when he was a beginner he used to get up at five A.M. to start writing before the day's noises began—then could never wait past seven to wake up his wife and read her what he had produced.

Gag writers usually have few friends except among their fellow professionals. They lead such a strange life, so far removed from the realities of the everyday world, that only another gag writer can be a kindred spirit. Even their families sometimes have trouble understanding them.

After their hard days' stint at the office, few gag writers are in a mood to be funny in their leisure time, and an after-hours gathering of the fraternity is likely to be a very dull and somber affair indeed. Abe Burrows likes to spend his evenings reading philosophy or arguing the merits of the Freudian theory of psychoanalysis. Henning and his wife take a night school class in German. Neil Simon, author of the successful Broadway comedy "Come Blow Your Horn," admits candidly, "I've never thought of myself as a funny fellow at all, and I've never told a joke in my life. In fact I can't ever remember jokes!"

There are a few wisecracking and constantly amusing exceptions to the rule, and they tend to be the men who are performers as well as writers. Such is Carl Reiner, who never thought of himself as anything but an actor until he was invited to sit in on the writers' conference on the old Sid Caesar television show. Reiner promptly thought up one of the funniest gags ever presented on the show. This was for one of Caesar's famous imitations, in this case of a fly buzzing around the city and from time to time discussing his observations. Reiner suggested that the fly buzz down to a supermarket window, read a sign which said SPECIAL TODAY: THE NEW, MORE POWERFUL DDT—and comment sadly, "My, there's a lot of hatred in this world." It was such a quotable joke that it even attracted attention from Monsignor Fulton Sheen, who used it on his next television program—and Reiner suddenly found himself famous as a writer. But he is still an actor as well, and has been the life of many a Hollywood party.

The biggest cross which gag writers have to bear these days is the relentless demands of television, which they all agree is the most difficult entertainment medium ever invented. All of them look back with longing and regret to the golden days of radio, which presented such great weekly comedy shows as Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Danny Kaye, Joan Davis, Fibber McGee and Molly, and "Duffy's Tavern." Except for the talent, radio shows were cheap to produce; there was no need for expensive stage sets, lighting, and cameras. All that was necessary was a good comedian, an ingenious group of writers, and a sound-effects man to produce the illusion of scenery and action.

"In those days," Goodman Ace recalls, "you could start off a skit with a little orchestra music and the simple words, spoken by actor to actress, 'You're the most beautiful girl at the dance'—and everybody in the audience immediately got the picture. Every listener had his own little private two-inch television screen in his brain. Nowadays it would cost $5,000 to build a set and hire the actors needed to establish the fact that you're at a country club dance."

Radio shows went on "live" and they were alert and spontaneous; it was for radio that Ace and his wife Jane coined such famous malapropisms as "He's a ragged individualist," "We're insufferable friends," "Familiarity breeds attempt." The scripts could be as up-to-date as the afternoon's newspaper. In fact the writers often sent out for the papers, even while the show was in progress, then wrote new gags based on the latest headlines and passed them along to the comedian to be inserted in the show.

If today's television shows do not seem nearly so funny as the old radio shows, it is because most of the shows are filmed on electronic tape at least a week in advance of their showing. The topical gag—based on today's news events—has all but disappeared.

THE one exception is Bob Hope, whose opening monologue, on his six-a-year television shows, is still up-to-the minute. Hope films his monologues as close to air time as possible, and keeps his writers working up to the final deadline to provide him with fresh material. Thus he was able to say, when the first news of the Elizabeth Taylor-Eddie Fisher rift during the filming of "Cleopatra" hit the headlines, "Eddie knew something was the matter when Liz brought the asp home from work."

Perhaps Bob's finest moment in topical jesting came when the U.S., stunned by the Russians' success with Sputnik, tried launching its own first space satellite and failed, with the satellite coming to an unhappy end in the Atlantic Ocean. It was a moment of grave concern for the nation, yet an event which Hope could hardly overlook. His writers labored for long hours trying to think up the right comment; dozens were tried and discarded. Finally Mort Lockman, who has been with Hope for fourteen years, came up with the line, "I guess you've heard the good news from Cape Canaveral. The U.S. just launched a new submarine."

Even Lockman himself was afraid of the joke, because the slightest hint of too much pessimism or too much false bravado would be considered in atrocious taste. Bob Hope, who is a great student of comedy material and has complete faith in his own judg-

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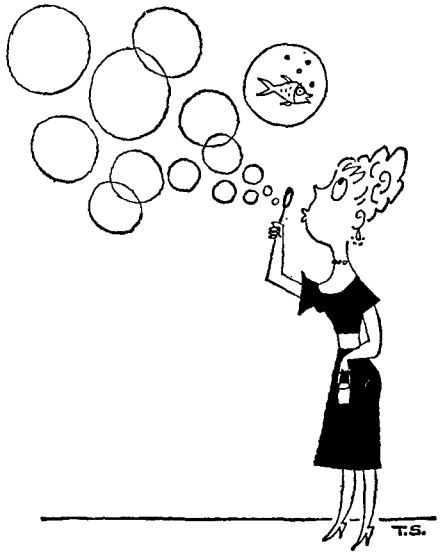
ment, cried, "That's exactly it"—and said it over the air to 40 million people while Lockman held his breath. Sure enough, the line brought a nation-wide laugh of good-natured relief—and helped to boost the nation's morale at a dark time.

This stood as the best of all the missile and space-age jokes until Milton Berle's writers finally topped it after the United States had its first satellite success. According to Berle, President Eisenhower immediately called Cape Canaveral and asked in amazement, "What went right?"

Despite the rigors of television, the unpredictability of the audience, and the handicap of their own moroseness, America's gag writers produce some truly wonderful humor. Groucho Marx, whose irreverent ad libs (many genuine, some prepared in advance by other writers) have helped keep America laughing for four decades, says: "Audiences will laugh at the damnedest things—and won't laugh at all when you think they should."

One old joke which amazes Groucho dates back to his vaudeville days. This was in one of the typical Marx Brothers skits in which Groucho had a stout, bossy, overpowering battle-ax of a wife. He was the host at a large party, at the end of which Chico, taking his leave, said, "I'd like to say goodbye to your wife." "Who wouldn't?" said Groucho—and the audience never failed to howl.

The late Fred Allen was a great favorite, and gag writers still talk about the time he rose to the defense of their profession against one of the most powerful producers in television. The producer was complaining about the script that Allen's writers had produced for a new show. Allen himself was not too happy with the script—but he had watched the writers sweat and strain over it and he could tolerate no outside criticism. "Where were you," he demanded, glaring at the producer, "when these pages were blank?"



WHERE ARE THE NEW RECRUITS?

By JOHN TEBBEL

ALL MEDIA in the communications business are facing today the formidable task of bridging the gap between the new science and the new society, between technology and its beneficiaries, or, as one observer puts it, the task of "explaining the world to the people who live in it."

The need for highly trained "explainers" in the field of journalism is self-evident, and it is a need that is growing every day as the complexities of our society increase. Yet it is just at this juncture that the supply of young journalism careerists appears to be drying up. The shortage is most evident in schools and departments of journalism, where enrollments have been falling off steadily for the past decade. It is least evident in the journalistic mecca of New York City, always overstocked; but in the opinion of some Manhattan newspaper executives, there has been a noticeable qualitative decline in recruits since the war.

Elsewhere in the nation the waning supply of young newspaper aspirants has been low enough to alarm a good many publishers, and to stir the American Newspaper Publishers Association into taking the unprecedented action last year of appropriating $50,000 to set up a national campaign to promote interest in journalism careers on the high school level.

At the 1962 ANPA meeting, the publishers were given further justification for alarm and action by a gloomy report from Dean Edward W. Barrett, of Columbia University's School of Journalism. He summarized other surveys as well as his own pulse-taking among a hundred or so younger alumni of the School. Editors of high school papers, he reported, think journalism rates high in "interest" and "usefulness to society," but low in prestige and money. College editors and other students in higher education who might become journalists are often briefly interested in such careers, but then, for the most part, they go into law, medicine, government, teaching, and other professions. Those who stay in communications tend to get into television, advertising, or public relations. In most schools where training in television and public relations is part of the curriculum, newspaper work fights a losing battle to attract students.

The college people who turn away from journalism are influenced, according to Dean Barrett, by a feeling that journalism in general and newspapers in particular are not progressive—and they are aware that the press makes no special effort to get and keep talent. In this situation, which shows every indication of becoming far worse, there is quite enough blame to go around. The newspaper business is at fault, but so, too, in some respects is education.

Journalism schools are not new in education—the two Columbias, Missouri and New York, have both reached the half-century mark—but acceptance of the idea that newspaper work can, or even should be, taught is relatively recent. Indeed, education in this field is still handicapped by pronouncements from time to time by people in the business (occasionally from distinguished names who should know better) that the only way to prepare for journalism is to take a good liberal arts course—although the number of self-educated city editors who sneer at journalism-school diplomas is diminishing, largely because so many journalism graduates are sitting in executive chairs.

THE plain truth is that the newspaper business could not now get along *without* journalism graduates. It may be true, although the evidence is entirely to the contrary, that the liberal arts curricula could supply newspapers on the same qualitative level at which they are now supplied; but even if it were so, the fact is that liberal arts graduates without journalism specialization do not go into newspaper work these days, with rare exceptions, and probably never will. Aside from that, journalism graduates presently are the backbone of newspaper staffs everywhere in the country, and the percentage is highest on the best newspapers. Many of the

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outstanding newspaper executives in the nation are such graduates.

Journalism educators are, therefore, justifiably annoyed when someone produces the old chestnut that journalism can't be taught, and argues that recruits would be better off to plunge right in. The only excuse for such obtuseness is simple ignorance of what journalism schools are doing.

These ancient prejudices together with modern ignorance undoubtedly contribute to a basic cause of the crisis in recruiting. Newspaper managements, particularly those of the old school, have been accustomed to an annual assault from bright-eyed, talented youngsters who are eager to work on newspapers. Only twenty-five years ago it was still possible to find an overwhelming supply of these aspirants, who would start anywhere at any salary simply for the privilege of being on a newspaper's staff.

But times have changed, even if too many publishers haven't. An able young man with a master's degree in journalism is not willing to begin as a copyboy at $45 a week, nor should he be, if he is a graduate of a good school or department. He may be persuaded to do so if the paper is one of the best, but even then he is not likely to be satisfied to wait four or five years in a menial, mechanical job until there is an opening on the reporting staff. The *New York Times* and a half-dozen other newspapers are the only dailies still able to afford that luxury. The others lose their good recruits to the other media, and they find it difficult to hire any but run-of-the-mill editorial employees—the kind of so-so newspapermen who are always looking for another job, or a deeper, more secure rut.

The business cannot subsist forever on this kind of mediocrity. Reporting may not be the glamour occupation it used to be, but the requirements for doing it well are increasingly higher. The general-assignment reporter, who has always had to know a little about everything, is now required to possess a great deal more background information than he did a quarter-century ago, and at that he is being gradually replaced on some big dailies by a staff of specialists in the general areas a newspaper covers.

A good school or department of journalism turns out men and women who are already familiar with the techniques of reporting, copyediting, and desk work. Except for the judgment which only experience provides, they can do the routine editorial work of a newspaper at once, and the most talented have natural abilities which enable them to step into the front rank al-

(*Continued on page 71*)

'TOPIC OF CENSOR'

How to Save a Sagging, Sexy Book

MANAGER OF SAFETY JOHN SCHOOLEY'S handwringing condemnation of a 28-year-old novel is foolish and more than a little futile.

Tuesday Schooley opened a campaign against Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer" by calling various book sellers and warning them the book was pornographic.

The book was written in 1934 in Paris. Until last year it could not be sold in the United States. The novel, contains a lot of four-letter words and some clinical descriptions of sex activities.

The foolishness of Manager Schooley's action lies in his timing. The book has been on sale since June, 1961. Currently it is in its sixth month of sale as a paperback. In fact, one distributor of the paperback edition said the book had "run its course" in sales in this area.

If the book is damaging to public morals as Schooley claims, then he is somewhat late in stopping the process of corruption.

But has Schooley actually stopped the book?

The publishers, Grove Press, say they have "defended the book in more than 50 court cases in 21 states." The most recent was a ruling July 17 by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts that "Tropic of Cancer" is not obscene.

A federal customs ban on the book, according to its publisher, was lifted by the U. S. Government on Aug. 10, 1961, after a Justice Department opinion that the book was not obscene.

Ignoring, or ignorant of these events, Manager Schooley ordered official action against the book after, according to his own statement, he "thumbed through" several passages in the book marked for his attention by a morals squad detective. Schooley also said he "read the first five pages word for word."

The detective who marked the passages "just went through and read parts of it (the book) and marked what I considered to be pornographic."

UNDER the Schooley, or red-pencil, system, a good many books which have qualified over the years as literature could be chased, at least temporarily, from the shelves of Denver book dealers as soon as the manager of safety discovered them.

But we doubt if he would be able to make the banning stick in court. We hold no brief for the "Tropic of Cancer" as literature, although we do think that a fair-minded person who read the whole book (and not just underlined passages) would hold that it was not intended solely to appeal to the prurient interest.

We would just as soon see the book die of its own lack of merit, which apparently was about to happen when the manager of safety stepped in to give it what will undoubtedly turn out to be a lift to its sagging sales.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

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Madison Avenue

Knocking Eggheads

By PETER BART

A NUMBER of prominent advertising men of late have been directing some sharp criticism at the academic community and at "intellectuals" in general. In fact, taking pot shots at professors seems to be this season's favorite indoor sport on Madison Avenue.

According to some ad men, America's intellectuals are "neo-Fabians," are "opposed to free enterprise," and "misunderstand the business system." Most appalling of all, they are "antiadvertising." In fact, according to one agency president (Walter Guild of Guild, Bascom & Bonfigli), "the antiadvertising prejudice induced in young people [by educators] will, if not checked, destroy advertising."

All this emotional criticism may come as a surprise to most intellectuals. Some may wonder what they have done to bring such wrath upon themselves from the Madison Avenue ad magnates. Others may simply wonder why ad men don't have anything more urgent to do than to worry about what professors think of them.

Several theories have been advanced to explain this latest outbreak of Madison Avenue anti-intellectualism. Advertising men, according to one, are uneasy about the trend toward increased government regulation of their industry, and blame this trend upon the intellectuals of the New Frontier. A second theory has it that ad men are disturbed by their growing recruitment problems. Madison Avenue, it is noted, has not fared well in recent years in its efforts to recruit top college graduates. And some officials trace their recruitment problems to an antiadvertising bias instilled in students by their professors.

According to a third theory—admittedly a controversial one—the current outbreak of anti-intellectualism reflects Madison Avenue's gnawing insecurity over this nation's rising intellectual level. The techniques of mass advertising traditionally have been geared to a low-mentality, lower-middle-class standard, it is pointed out. Thus Madison Avenue has been able to move untold quantities of packaged goods off the supermarket shelves simply by alluding to the dangers of halitosis or B.O., holding out the promise of fast, fast, FAST relief, or reiterating that LSMFT. Clearly, none of this has placed too great a demand upon the cerebral capabilities of the population.

Of late, however, some ad men have been noting uneasily that their market is changing. Consumers are becoming more sophisticated—and less responsive to some of the more orthodox blandishments of advertising. And much of this heightened sophistication doubtless derives from greater education.

Whatever the causes of Madison Avenue's current wave of professor baiting, we might do well to ask whether it bodes well either for the advertising or the intellectual communities. One question ad men might ask themselves, for example, is whether the intellectual really is such an enemy after all. Some ad men pointed with outrage to a study by the Opinion Research Corporation which probed the opinions of intellectuals toward Madison Avenue. The survey found that 80 per cent of the intellectuals believed that "peo are persuaded through advertising buy things they don't want."

Shortly thereafter, however, the *Harvard Business Review* reported on the findings of an even larger investigation into the opinions of business executives toward advertising. This study found that 78 per cent of the business men believed that "advertising often persuades people to buy things they shouldn't." And 80 per cent of this group said they thought this was a bad thing. The upshot is that businessmen seem to be as skeptical as intellectuals about some of the repercussions of mass advertising.

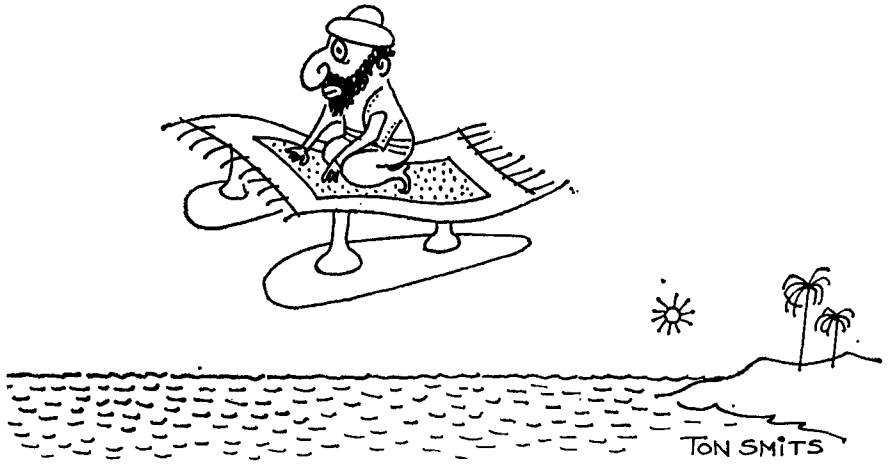
The studies also served as a reminder to advertising men, who normally pride themselves on their knowledge of their "markets," that they may not really know enough about or understand the function of "the intellectual market."

It is well and good for Walter Guild to assert that educators are instilling an "antiadvertising prejudice" in students, but can he prove it? How much do advertising men really know about what is taught in the classrooms or even written in textbooks? To anyone who has ever wended his way through the currently bland crop of textbooks, would be a surprise indeed to come upon anything as provocative as an attack on the values of advertising.

In a recent speech, one advertising man, Charles F. Adams, executive vice-president of MacManus, John & Adams, Inc., proposed to his fellow ad men that they would do well to try to learn more about the intellectual. There are many signs, he noted, that a sizable intellectual market is developing in this country. Among the signs: college enrollment has grown 300 per cent faster than population growth; spending for books has risen faster than for any other type of recreation; art has outdistanced baseball as a spectator sport; theatre and opera attendance has increased 115 per cent during the lifetime of television; and many classical record albums now have passed the million mark once reserved for rock 'n roll.

"I do not wish to connote that we are becoming a nation of eggheads," Mr. Adams said. "But surely it is time we took note and took stock of our new intellectual affluence. People are developing a sophistication that I do not believe has yet been adequately gauged or properly calculated."

Mr. Adams' argument may perh. have an impact on Madison Avenue, for what he is saying is: "Don't knock the eggheads. We're going to have to sell to them."



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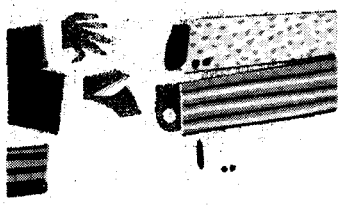
Public Relations



Head Hunters on the Wrong Track

By L. L. L. GOLDEN

"HEAD hunters," as management consulting firms are often called, do a booming business nowadays. Good executives are scarce, and many corporations find it more than worth their while to pay a high fee to a management consulting firm to find the right man for a job. And usually the firm delivers—except when it comes to seeking public relations personnel. Here the head hunters frequently go awry, simply because neither they nor the corporations that retain them know what they should be looking for.

An extreme case, but not entirely atypical, was that of a medium-sized corporation which, together with the consulting firm, drew a profile for a public relations director. He had to be between thirty-eight and forty-two ars of age; tall, preferably over six et; well built, with a good over-all appearance; a graduate of an Eastern college, preferably Ivy League; soft spoken; and with a liking for people; also, he had to be prepared to relocate.

In this case it was a blind management consulting firm leading a blind corporation. The qualifications they listed for their ideal man had nothing to do with how he might perform his job, for a good public relations director can no more be measured by age, college, length of body, size of smile, timbre of voice, and fondness for people than a good history professor can be chosen by the number of hairs on his head.

The fact is that the head hunters and their client, by the standards set up, would have been forced to turn down some of the best public relations men in the country. They would not have been able to hire the top men of Carl Byoir and Associates, or Hill and Knowlton, or Earl Newsom and Company, or T. J. Ross and Associates, or Dudley-Anderson-Yutzy or Selvage and Lee. They could not have hired the public relations director of Ford, General Motors, or American Tele- one and Telegraph, or DuPont. Neither the present, nor next year's president of the Public Relations Society of America could have been hired, nor the heads of the public relations departments of the major advertising agencies.

Actually, no one can specify the "right" background for a good public relations man. The good ones have come from all sorts of areas. They have been high school teachers, newspaper reporters, magazine writers, sales promotion men, opinion pollsters, and radio and television broadcasters. Some have gone directly from college into corporations and learned the techniques of the trade by watching, listening, and above all by doing. Some have been college men; others haven't finished high school. Thus there is no special background from which to choose a potentially good public relations man.

In the stated case, however, the problem is not to discover potential, but to find a relatively mature man to head a department; and in seeking such a man, consideration must be given, over everything else, to his general competence in the field. This is more difficult to measure in public relations than in many fields, but it can be done. There are, in addition to experience in the techniques of the business, such general qualifications as knowledge of how people react under special conditions, an understanding of business and our economic system, and, most important of all, a knowledge of the means of communication through which the public can be reached.

It is certainly pleasant to have a public relations man "like people." In fact, it is pleasant to have anyone like people. But liking people has little more to do with performance in public relations than does liking mashed potatoes. A public relations director deals with only a small part of the public in person; he uses communications media. How well he uses them generally makes the difference between a competent and an incompetent practitioner.

Then, too, not only must a public relations director meet these qualifications, but his approach must suit the company. The kind of company, its problems, its size and objectives, its position in the industry, its area of operation, the general attitude of the public toward it and the industry—these, too, are related to the kind of man needed for a particular corporation.

In making their assessments, the head hunters would do best to get the judgment of other good public relations men. Just as an expert craftsman knows shoddy work when he sees it, as an artisan never confuses a good coat of shellac with good design, so a good public relations man can be judged best by other experienced practitioners. They will not make the mistake of looking for a super glad-hander, a stereotype that has gained currency perhaps because of the patter of some public relations men themselves. Or maybe it can be laid at the door of those who write fiction about public relations men. Whatever the reason, a public relations man is too often thought of as someone who looks and sounds good rather than as someone who can do an important job.

The faker and incompetent in the business will remain until management takes the time to understand the function of public relations. When it does, we will see an end to the kind of nonsense that occurs when otherwise sane people try to hire a public relations director as if they were movie directors casting a character for a grade-B film.

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Letters to the Communications Editor

Continued from page 60

copyright legislation that would eliminate the potential absurdities cited by Mr. Brucker, while preserving the benefits of copyright protection where advisable.

EDWARD E. BOOHER,
President,
McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

IT'S ABOUT TIME! I refer to your article, "The Government Copyright Racket," by Herbert Brucker. I've been wondering when somebody would take some of these public servants (?) to task for reserving to themselves those published and publishable properties that belong to the people.

Ten years ago I was astounded to obtain a book pertaining to the operation and ownership of small businesses. It was published by a firm in Albany. The proprietor was a nephew of a former Director of the Industrial-Teacher-Training Division of the State of New York, in the Department of Education.

The above-mentioned book consisted of chapters that had been authored by trade school teachers who had submitted them in various State-sponsored "alertness" or training courses. By some devious means, these chapters reached the publishers and were reproduced in a book that was copyrighted.

I contacted the publishers and stated that I fully intended to reproduce all or parts of that book, and "what are you going to do about it?" I received a reply that stated in essence that I was or would be dishonest if I reproduced the works of others without obtaining permission or without paying for the privilege. When I answered that the contents of that book were in the public domain, all I received in return was complete silence—*nothing*.

Thousands of photographs find their way into magazines and books that are the property of the people. I, as a would-be author or publisher, am denied the reproducing rights that the copyrighted author reserves for himself. I know of an official of the Board of Education of the City of New York who has written almost thirty books, but most of the charts, diagrams, illustrations, and typing are the property of the city. I cannot use those charts because the books are copyrighted in the name of the author. I've always considered making a test case of this dishonest practice, but I lacked two important essentials to do so: (1) Money, and (2) Guts.

WILLIAM SUNNERS.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

LOWER CASE, UPPER CASE

I AM SENDING your editorial on "When a Trademark Becomes a Common Noun" [*SR*, Aug. 11] to our New York office. Our best-known product has customers among the ranks of young children who cannot read or write, let alone tell the difference between a "c" and a "C." As many people say, "I never knew there were any other crayons than CRAYOLAS," we have named our finger paint "CRAYOLA finger paint," and we never did copyright the term finger paint. If anyone in the company notices our product spelled with the small "c" in a novel, article, or the use of art materials, etc., we immediately write to the publisher.

Our telephone girls answer all calls "Good morning (or whatever time of day), Binney & Smith, the Crayola makers." And you can see how we repeat the slogan on our envelopes and on the stamp machine.

I believe I am right in saying that J. M. Hammet, the manufacturers of PLASTICINE, . . . an oil base clay . . . did not take precautions to safeguard their trade name, and now any oil base clay can be called "plasticine." We call our clay CLAYOLA to play on the relationship to the CRAYOLAS. The term means crayons of oil, and was suggested by Mrs. Binney . . . wife of *the* Mr. Binney.

SIGRID RASMUSSEN,
Art Consultant,
Binney & Smith Inc.
Eau Claire, Wis.

WHEN PAPERS CAN COMPETE

YOUR ARTICLE, "Printing Enters the Common Market" [*SR*, Aug. 11] offered much hope that, through offset printing, maybe America will regain some of the hundreds of daily newspapers lost because of high production costs. It was interesting to note that "Everywhere [at the Drupa Fair in Dusseldorf, Germany] the talk was of offset."

We urgently need more, not fewer, daily newspapers individually owned. We are in the sad state of affairs of having newspaper chains in which one magnate may own more than 100 newspapers.

If Americans think they have newsy papers now, wait until the old home town has two and three competing papers! And then maybe we can read an editorial we can accept.

J. WILSON HARRISON.
Spartanburg, S. C.

MORE ON JUSTICE BLACK

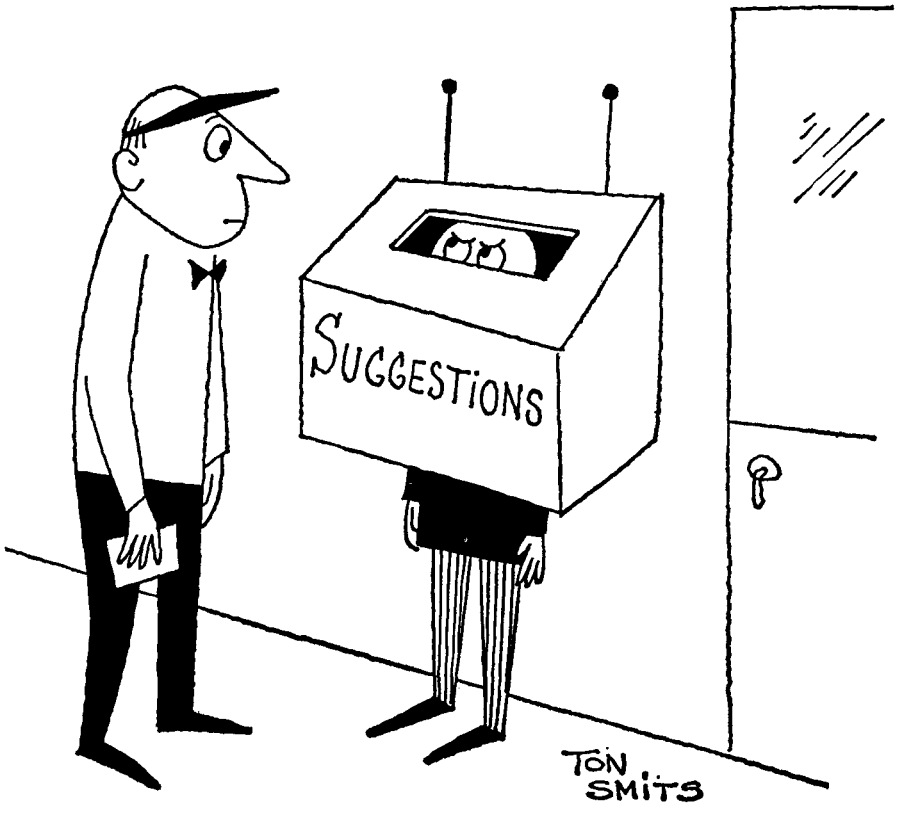
THE SOLUTION to the problem that Justice Black [*SR*, July 14] poses is a piece of obvious legal semantics. In terms of the Constitution, an individual is granted the right to unrestrained freedom of expression. He does have a constitutional right to issue statements that may be slanderous or libelous.

Every individual has rights, not only the above-mentioned individual. Once a slanderous statement has been issued, a slander suit may be instituted.

In this set-up the right of unlimited self-expression is preserved. An individual may issue a slanderous statement. He is in no way prevented from doing this. But *after* he does so, he must be prepared to face the consequences.

This solution is of course entirely on the theoretical plane (as is Justice Black's argument). Needless to say, newspaper and other public media display a certain hesitancy to exert their right in face of the consequences.

I would like to take issue with Mr. Kenneth C. Wimmel [*SR*, Aug. 11], who



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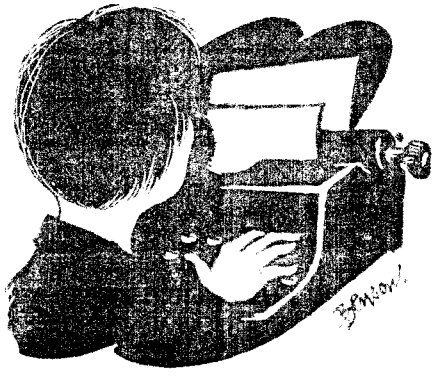
seems to deny the flexibility of the Constitution: ". . . It has become an astonishing premise to interpret [the Constitution] to mean what it does say, *"literally"* [italics mine].

In Anglo-Saxon law the interpretation (which even Mr. Wimmel feels we need) is based on precedents. Its intent is to capture the spirit of the law not (merely) the mere shell of words.

"The right of free men to bear arms shall not be abridged." In spite of these words, we have the National Firearms Act. A law is based upon a concrete need. When this need changes, the law must be interpreted in terms of this change. If this were not so, the predicament depicted in the "Merchant of Venice" would be an everyday occurrence.

JOSEPH N. BONGIOVANNI III,
The Children's Hospital
of Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa.



RADIO COULD DO THE JOB

ADVERTISERS who want to overcome the overcommercialism of television [*SR*, Aug. 11] and advertisers who want to reach the "thought leaders" should turn to radio.

Network radio has the power to reach a vast, currently untapped audience at a fraction of the cost of television, leaving money in the advertising budget to promote the program. The cost per listener might be more, but the type of listener might be worth more, his loyalty greater, his influence more widespread.

It would not even take a network. A few key stations, such as KOA, Denver, could blanket the country after sunset when radio waves carry farther.

Those of us who grew up on radio and with radio have an affection for programs and sponsors who brought us those programs, a type of love unknown or almost unknown to television, where three and four sponsors share a program and where sponsors change programs by the ratings, as in the army they move by the numbers. These processes may be effective, but they nevertheless lack something.

I. LEONARD FASS.

Stockton, Calif.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 9, 7, 8, 4, 3, 6, 5, 10, 1, 2.

Journalism Recruits

Continued from page 67

most immediately. That quick transition occurs over and over again.

If the school or department is one of the best, a high percentage of its graduates will not only have these basic qualifications, but they will be people whose undergraduate specializations outside journalism, and whose natural abilities and intelligence, qualify them as beginning specialists in such areas as science writing or investigative reporting. Yet these are the people so many publishers expect to work indefinitely at menial jobs for little money.

Newspaper salaries in general are considerably better than they used to be, under pressure from the American Newspaper Guild, but they are still scandalously low by comparison with the other media. The arguments of the old-timers, who grumble that they "had to start at the bottom," and the accompanying plea that newspapermen ought to accept whatever salary they can get as part of the privilege of being a newspaperman no longer have meaning for recruits. As in teaching, these newcomers are not so dedicated that they will continue to subsidize their professions.

This is not to say that every journalism graduate is a neglected genius, nor that journalism schools and departments turn out an unfailing supply of highly talented, skilful newspaper men and women. Every business and profession has its quota of quacks and incompetents, and journalism education is not exempt. But it has done, and is doing, an excellent job of policing its own ranks through its American Council on Education for Journalism, whose president is the highly respected Herbert Brucker, editor of the Hartford *Courant*. This organization is a working partnership of newspaper executives and journalism educators devoted to accrediting schools and departments of journalism according to the highest professional standards. One would think that it would be an enterprise solidly backed by the whole newspaper business, but a good many publishers have never even heard of it, and others have only a vague idea of what it does.

Aside from this professional indifference, journalism educators have to struggle against the prevailing opinion, long held in liberal arts circles, that "journalism" is a dirty word and education in it is something to be endured. The Ivy League, with a truly spectacular shortsightedness and provincial narrowness, will not endure it at all, apart from Columbia; there are, in fact, only three major schools of journalism east of the Alleghenies. Liberal arts administrators everywhere are always trying to starve out or otherwise hamper journalism education, attaching it to some unrelated school or department, discouraging the recruitment of good faculties, and generally treating it as a poor and not quite respectable cousin. The same attitude prevails in many unenlightened administrations. These, one may add, are the same people who most often complain about the sins of the press.

There are also critics, both in education and in the business, who fear that too many of the larger schools of journalism are less interested in professional education than in graduate school mass communications research, in which the values and training are those of the sociologist, the psychologist, and the marketing expert, not the journalist—and this at a time when the pressing need is for more and better newspapermen.

One graduate school educator retorts bluntly that communications research pays off in well-financed research projects and in high-paying business jobs for the graduates. Why, he wants to know, should his school turn out highly specialized professional graduate students who will then go to work at low salaries in newspaper jobs the A.B. graduate could do as well? Where, in fact will the colleges find students willing to spend the considerable extra time and money in graduate work if that is the prospect before them?

Many of the more progressive journalism educators believe that curricula at both the undergraduate and graduate levels are in need of a comprehensive revision to meet the demands of a new era. The trouble is that so many publishers have not yet come into that era. They are somewhat back in the past, making newspapers as they have been made for fifty years, growling fiercely from time to time at anyone who dares to criticize the sacred Fourth Estate.

As of now, there is little encouragement for graduates who would be the products of curricula revision. They would have few places in which to employ their knowledge. Nor are there any but a few college and university administrations with enough imagination and foresight to encourage the formation of the bold new programs in journalism education which our age demands. Who wants that shabby, unreliable fellow, the journalist, they seem to say, when the world cries for computer experts and nuclear scientists?

Those who believe that we are in mortal danger unless the gulf between science and society is bridged can answer that one.

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(Continued on page 74)

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(Continued from page 73)

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HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $15.20 double occupancy, American Plan, summer rate. Newly decorated. Elevator. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

PISGAH FOREST INN. High, cool, log fires, friendly hosts. Trails in Natural Wilderness. Phone Asheville 253-0771. Box SR433, Candler, North Carolina.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT, beautiful fall vacationland. Elevation 2,150' midst the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Excellent food, accommodations. Reduced fall rates. Brochure.

MOTIVE. If you need an excuse to come here we can't help you. But reasons we can give you galore. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J. If you live within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

CUERNAVACA for a restful vacation. Best Viennese Cuisine—all diets catered to. 12 acres of beautiful gardens, swimming pool, horseback riding. Personal attention—moderate rates. MILLER'S EL BUEN RETIRO, P.O. Box 430, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Blazing foliage! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

MEXICO — American Plan, from $4.00. Each bedroom with bath, fireplace. Full information: La Quinta, Jocotepec, Jalisco.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160, Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

"MY PLACE," Plymouth, Maine, open all year. Country life. American Plan. Reasonable. Box 57, Plymouth, Maine.

AUTUMN IS NEW ENGLAND; winter is skiing: 1780 restored farmhouse above spring-fed lake, Acworth, N.H. 140 acres. 4 bedrooms, 1½ baths, fireplaces, c.h.&w., fully equipped including linen, boat. Central to Vermont-N.H. foliage tours—½ hour from Mt. Sunapee family ski slopes. $125. p.w. Sirkin, 6525 Wiscasset, Washington 16, D.C.

VIRGIN ISLANDS, St. Thomas. Efficiency apartments (doubles)—new, completely equipped, overlooking Caribbean. Near town, beaches. Weekly rates. Box 484, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

TRAVEL

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Kitchenettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

MEXICO. Write today for free official information letter and illustrated folders. **MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT,** Paseo Reforma 35, Mexico City, D.F.

YUCATAN, Mexico's gateway to the Past. Low priced vacation at new Hotel PANAMERICANA, Merida, Mexico.

BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL has special WEEKEND rates—most attractive package plans for luxurious two- and three-day stays. Write or call for reservations. If you're driving to New York, ask for the road map showing how to avoid city traffic. You'll enjoy your visit because you're so near everything: theatres, shops, museums, art galleries, the United Nations. Two popular-priced restaurants offer delicious food. The Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge is delightful and commands breathtaking views of the city and the East River. Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th Street and 1st Avenue, New York 17, 212-ELdorado 5-7300.

FREIGHTER TRAVEL. Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook gives complete information on hundreds of lower cost trips you can take on passenger carrying freighters from U.S. and Canadian seaports to all parts of the world. New 19th edition shows where they go, how long they take, what they cost, gives addresses of Steamship Lines, everything needed for planning vacation travel. 108 pages fully illustrated, price $2.50 postpaid. (No C.O.D.s). Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook, Dept. 19, 2031 Glendon Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California.

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, including private bath, from $30 weekly. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. Write Mr. Earl R. Powers, Manager, Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street or phone 212-YUkon 6-8800.

EXPLORE OFFBEAT MEXICO. Write Mr. Jordan, 265 West 14th, NYC 11, Suite 614, ALgonquin 5-3410.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25. P.S. Close to churches, synagogues, Buddhist temple.

SOUTH PACIFIC ODYSSEY. Mrs. Gladys Long conducts her second annual luxury cruise tour, sailing aboard Matson's SS MONTEREY March 17th, 1963, seeing Bora Bora, Papeete, Moorea, Rarotonga, New Zealand (8 days touring Auckland, Rotorua, Wairakei, Geyser Valley, Waitomo Glow Worm Cave, Christchurch, spectacular Milford Sound, Te Anau, Mt. Cook), Australia (Melbourne, Canberra, Sydney), Fiji Isles, Niuafo'ou, Pago Pago, and Honolulu. 43 days, beginning San Francisco. From $2,773. All shore excursions and comprehensive sightseeing, special entertainments included. The best hotels. For brochure and reservations, write Mrs. Gladys A. Long, Maupintour Associates, The Malls, Lawrence, Kansas.

ANGLICAN EUROPEAN TOURAMA. Depart New York October 6th, 1962. 17 days visiting: Edinburgh, York, Coventry, London, Paris, etc. $740 per person. Contact Rev. Allan Clark, 1505 First National Bank Building, Minneapolis 2, Minnesota.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1484

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

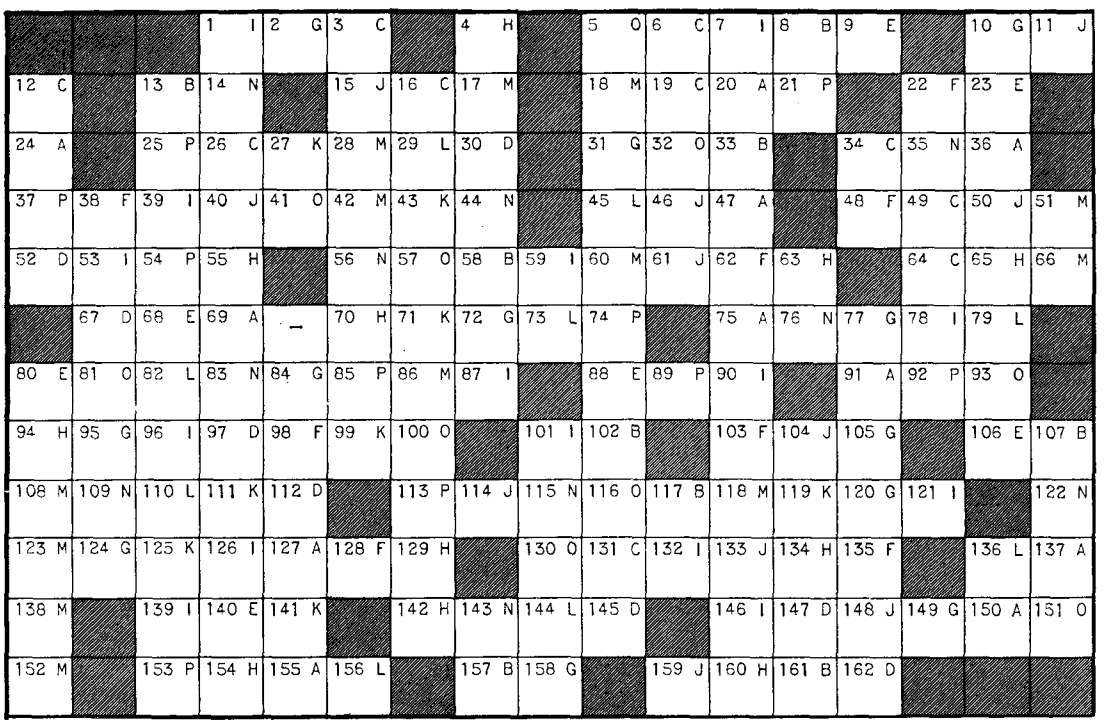
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Progenitor for whom we have named a clock, a chair, a clause in certain of our state constitutions.	75 36 24 150 47 91 127 69 137 155 20
B. Homogeneously.	117 8 13 102 157 107 161 58 33
C. Point at which the father of the prodigal son saw him coming home (3 wds.).	12 16 3 6 34 49 26 19 131 64
D. One or more who sit as judges (2 wds.).	30 112 162 97 147 145 52 67
E. Common comparison for human helplessness (3 wds.).	68 23 140 106 88 80 9
F. Prussian order which features this motto — in French, after "Pour"— on a blue Maltese cross (2 wds.).	128 135 38 98 48 22 103 62
G. Stopped shooting (3 wds.).	95 124 10 72 31 120 84 105 158 149 77 2
H. Type face with contrast between heavy and light strokes (2 wds.).	129 70 160 55 134 154 142 65 94 4 63

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. Soft, lustrous silk thread, much used in handsome needlework (2 wds.).	59 96 39 126 101 7 90 121 146 1 132 78 53 87 139
J. What the parents of even the worst delinquent often maintain about their child (4 wds.).	15 114 159 11 40 148 50 46 104 133 61
K. In rather good season.	125 119 99 43 141 27 111 71
L. Gently capricious.	136 29 110 156 79 144 73 45 82
M. The Paradise of Pearl Buck's "Imperial Woman" (2 wds.).	18 123 42 118 138 17 60 86 66 108 51 28 152
N. Followed by "basis," permanent (3 wds.).	35 115 143 83 44 56 109 76 14 122
O. Describing the bride in "The Ancient Mariner" (4 wds.).	93 41 151 57 116 32 5 130 100 81
P. A sloop-rigged yacht of 21-feet water line, originally from Marblehead, 1892.	74 89 85 113 21 54 25 92 37 153

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the ·am as they develop. ority for spellings . . . definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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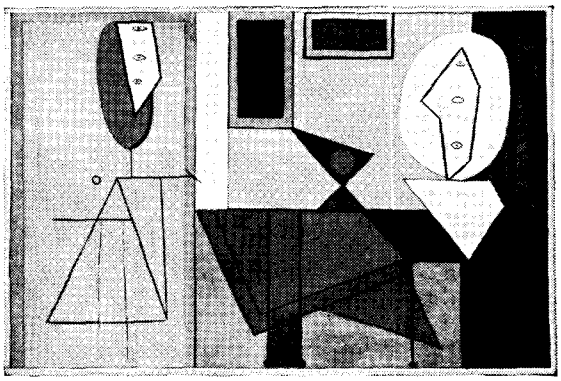

Can you see any similarity between these two paintings?

TO THE UNDISCERNING EYE these paintings—one by Picasso, the other by the 17th-century Dutch artist Vermeer—appear to be about as unrelated as any two works of art could possibly be. To the knowing eye, however, there are striking similarities between them, quite as obvious as their differences. In fact, the Picasso work, to quote from one of the portfolios in the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, "is such a close parallel to the Vermeer that it might almost have been painted to demonstrate how the Vermeer could be translated into abstract terms."

Knowing what to look for when you stand before great works of art obviously adds immeasurably to your enjoyment; indeed, to be able to view paintings with understanding can be one of life's most rewarding experiences. Yet it is surprising how many cultivated persons have cut themselves off from this rare form of pleasure. When visiting a museum, they see nothing beyond what the paintings are "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.

Anyone who suffers from this sort of bafflement probably has never had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or to attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It was to remedy this situation that The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York developed its unusual program of assisted self-education in the appreciation of art.

More than 200,000 families throughout the country have now subscribed to this remarkable program. To acquaint you with the thorough nature of the course . . .

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HOW THE COURSE OPERATES • One can enroll in this program of twelve portfolios just as one would enroll in a semester course in art at a university—with one important difference: you may, if you wish, drop out of the program at any point without proceeding with the complete course. The portfolios are sent consecutively—one every thirty days—but you may, of course, proceed at whatever rate you choose. The price of each portfolio is $3.75 (plus a small charge for mailing expense). This cost includes the twelve separate full-color reproductions, mat size 9½" x 12½", which come with each portfolio. In most retail stores each set of twelve would sell by itself, in comparable reproductions, for from $4 to $7.50.

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